

Beloe R109565.1 *W J Powell*
THE
N106 F14
London Merchant:
Or, The HISTORY of
George Barnwell.

As it is Acted at the
Theatre Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

B Y
His MAJESTY'S Servants.

By Mr. LILLO.

*Learn to be Wise from others Harm,
And you shall do full will.*

Old Ballad of the Lady's Fall.

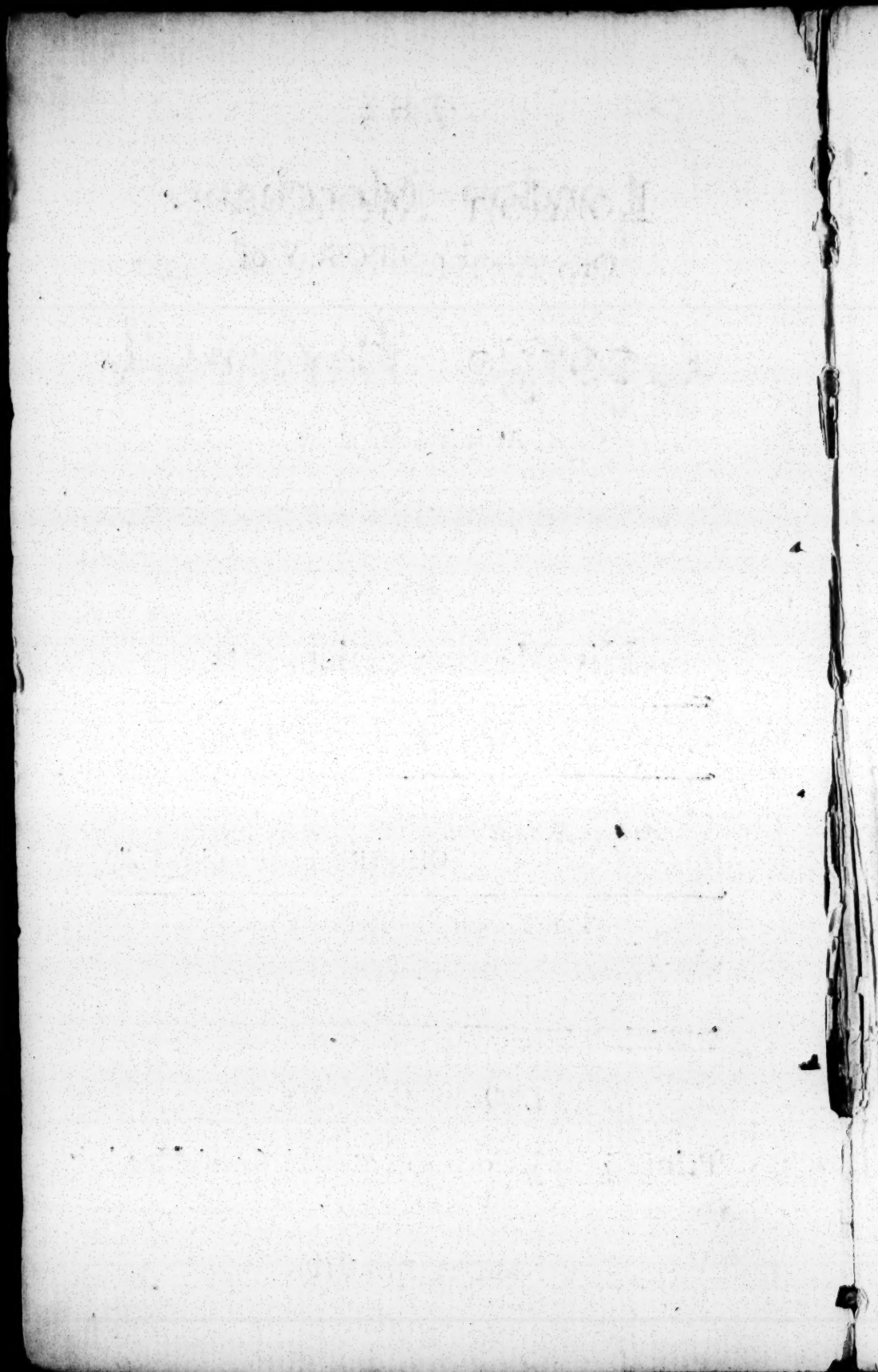
THE EIGHTH EDITION.

Much more correct than any of the former, with several *Additions* and *Improvements* by the AUTHOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. COOPER, at *Shakespear's Head*
in *Pall-Mall*.

M.DCC.XXXVII





TO

Sir JOHN EYLES; *Bart.*

Member of Parliament for, and Alderman of
the City of *London*, and Sub-Governor of
the *South-Sea* Company.

S I R,

IF Tragic Poetry be, as Mr. *Dry-*
den has somewhere said, the most
excellent and most useful Kind
of Writing, the more extensively
useful the Moral of any Tragedy
is, the more excellent that Piece must be of
its Kind.

I hope I shall not be thought to insinuate;
that this, to which I have presumed to prefix
your Name, is such: That depends on its
Fitness to answer the End of Tragedy; the
exciting of the Passions, in order to the cor-
recting such of them as are criminal, either:

A. 3.

in

vi *The* DEDICATION.

in their Nature, or through their Excess. Whether the following Scenes do this in any tolerable Degree, is, with the Deference that becomes one who would not be thought vain, submitted to your candid and impartial Judgment.

What I would infer is this, I think, evident Truth, that Tragedy is so far from losing its Dignity by being accommodated to the Circumstances of the Generality of Mankind, that it is more truly august, in Proportion to the Extent of its Influence, and the Numbers that are properly affected by it: As it is more truly great to be the Instrument of Good to many, who stand in need of our Assistance, than to a very small Part of that Number.

If Princes, &c. were alone liable to Misfortunes arising from Vice or Weakness in themselves or others, there would be good Reason for confining the Characters in Tragedy to those of superior Rank; but since the contrary is evident, nothing can be more reasonable, than to proportion the Remedy to the Disease.

I am far from denying, that Tragedies, founded on any instructive and extraordinary Events in History, or well-invented Fables, where the Persons introduced are of the high-
est

est, Rank, are without their Use, even to the Bulk of the Audience. The strong Contrast between a *Tamerlane* and a *Bajazet* may have its Weight with an unsteady People, and contribute to the fixing of them in the Interest of a Prince of the Character of the former; when, thro' their own Levity, or the Arts of designing Men, they are render'd factions and uneasy, tho' they have the highest Reason to be satisfied. The Sentiments and Example of *Cato* may inspire his Spectators with a just Sense of the Value of Liberty, when they see that honest Patriot prefer Death to an Obligation from a Tyrant, who would sacrifice the Constitution of his Country, and the Liberties of Mankind, to his Ambition or Revenge. I have attempted, indeed, to enlarge the Province of the graver Kind of Poetry, and should be glad to see it carried on by some abler Hand. Plays, founded on moral Tales in private Life, may be of admirable Use, by carrying Conviction to the Mind, with such irresistible Force, as to engage all the Faculties and Powers of the Soul in the Cause of Virtue, by stifling Vice in its first Principles. They, who imagine this to be too much to be attributed to Tragedy, must be Strangers to the Energy of that noble Species of Poetry. *Shakespeare*, who has given such amazing Proofs of his Genius, in that, as well as in Comedy, in his *Hamlet*, has the following Lines:

Had...

*Had be the Motive and the Cause for Passion
That I have, he wou'd down the Stage with Tears,
And cleave the gen'ral Ear with horrid Speech;
Make mad the Guilty, and appal the Free,
Confound the Ign'rant, and amaze indeed
The very Faculty of Eyes and Ears.*

And farther in the same Speech;

*I've heard that guilty Creatures at a Play
Have by the very Cunning of the Scene,
Been so struck to the Soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions.*

Prodigious! yet strictly just. But I shall not take up your valuable Time with my Remarks; only give me Leave just to observe, that he seems so firmly perswaded of the Power of a well-written Piece to produce the Effect here ascrib'd to it, as to make *Hamlet*, venture his Soul on the Event, and rather trust that, than a Messenger from the other World, tho' it assum'd, as he expresses it, his *noble Father's Form*, and assur'd him, that it was his Spirit. I'll have, says *Hamlet*, *Grounds more relative*:

*—The Play's the Thing,
Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King.*

Such Plays are the best Answers to them who deny the Lawfulness of the Stage.

Com.

Considering the Novelty of this Attempt, I thought it would be expected from me to say something in its Excuse: And I was unwilling to lose the Opportunity of saying say something of the Usefulness of Tragedy in general, and what may be reasonably expected from the farther Improvement of this excellent Kind of Poetry.

SIR,

I hope you will not think I have said too much of an Art, a mean Specimen of which I am ambitious enough to recommend to your Favour and Protection. A Mind, conscious of superiour Worth, as much despises Flattery, as it is above it. Had I found in my self an Inclination to so contemptible a Vice, I should not have chose Sir *John Eyles* for my Patron. And indeed the best-written Panegyrick, tho' strictly true, must place you in a Light much inferior to that in which you have been long fix'd by the Love and Esteem of your Fellow-Citizens: whose Choice of you for one of their Representatives in Parliament has sufficiently declar'd their Sense of your Merit: Nor hath the Knowledge of your Worth been confin'd to the City. The Proprietors of the *South-Sea* Company, in which are included Numbers of Persons, as considerable for their Rank, Fortune, and Understanding, as any in the Kingdom, gave the greatest Proof of their Confidence in your
Capa-

Capacity and Probity, by chusing you Sub-Governor of their Company, at a Time, when their Affairs, were in the utmost Confusion, and their Properties in the greatest Danger: Neither is the Court insensible of your Importance. I shall not therefore attempt a Character so well known, nor pretend to add any thing to a Reputation so well establish'd.

Whatever others may think of a Dedication, wherein there is so much said of other Things, and so little of the Person to whom it is address'd, I have Reason to believe, that you will the more easily pardon it on that very Account.

I am,

S I R,

Your most Obedient,

Humble Servant

George Lillo.



PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. CIBBER, jun.

THE Tragick Muse, sublime, delights to show
Princes distrest, and Scenes of Royal Woe ;
In awful Pomp, majestic, to relate
The Fall of Nations, or some Hero's Fate :
That scepter'd Chiefs may by Example know
The strange Vicissitude of Things below ;
What Dangers on Security attend ;
How Pride and Cruelty in Ruin end :
Hence Providence supreme to know, and own
Humanity adds Glory to a Throne.

In ev'ry former Age, and foreign Tongue,
With Native Grandeur thus the Goddess sung :
Upon our Stage, indeed, with wish'd Success,
You've sometimes seen her in an humbler Dress ;
Great only in Distress. When she complains
In Southern's, Rowe's, or Otway's moving Strains,
The brilliant Drops that fall from each bright Eye,
The absent Pomp, with brighter Gems, supply.

Forgive us then, if we attempt to show,
In humbler Strains, a Tale of private Woe.
A London 'Prentice ruin'd is our Theme,
Drawn from the fam'd old Song that bears his Name.
We hope your Taste is not so high to scorn
A Moral Tale esteem'd ere you were born ;
Which for a Century of rolling Years,
Has fill'd a thousand thousand Eyes with Tears.

If thoughtless Youth to warn, and shame the Age
From Vice destructive, well becomes the Stage ;
If this Example Innocence ensure,
Prevent our Guilt, or by Reflection cure ;
If Millwood's dreadful Crimes, and sad Despair,
Commend the Virtue of the Good and Fair ;
Tho' Art be wanting, and our Numbers fail,
Indulge th' Attempt in Justice to the Tale.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Thorowgood,
Barnwell, *Uncle to George*
George Barnwell,
Trueman,
Blunt,

Mr. *Bridgewater.*
Mr. *Roberts,*
Mr. *Cibber, jun.*
Mr. *W. Mills*
Mr. *R. Wetherilt,*

W O M E N.

Maria,
Millwood,
Lucy,

Mrs. *Cibber.*
Mrs. *Butler.*
Mrs *Charke.*

Officers, with their Attendants, Keeper, and Footmen

SCENE *London, and an adjacent Village,*





THE
London Merchant:
OR, THE
H I S T O R Y
OF
GEORGE BARNWELL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Room in Thorowgood's House.

Enter Thorowgood and Trueman.

T R U E M A N.



I R, the Packet from *Genoa* is arriv'd.

[Gives Letters.]

Thor. Heaven be prais'd ! The Storm
that threaten'd our Royal Mistress, pure
Religion, Liberty, and Laws, is for a
Time diverted : The haughty and revengeful *Spaniard*,
disappointed of the Loan on which he depended from
Genoa, must now attend the slow Return of Wealth
from his new World, to supply his empty Coffers, e'er
he can execute his purpos'd Invasion of our happy Island
By this Means, Time is gain'd to make such Prepara-

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tions on our Part, as may, Heaven concurring, prevent his Malice, or turn the meditated Mischief on himself.

Tr. He must be insensible indeed, who is not affected when the Safety of his Country is concern'd. Sir, may I know by what Means?—If I am too bold—

Thor. Your Curiosity is laudable ; and I gratify it with a greater Pleasure ; because from thence you may learn, how honest Merchants, as such, may sometimes contribute to the Safety of their Country, as they do at all Times to its Happiness ; that, if hereafter you shou'd be tempted to any Action that has the Appearance of Vice or Meanness in it, upon reflecting on the Dignity of our Profession, you may, with honest Scorn, reject whatever is unworthy of it.

Tr. Shou'd *Barnwell*, or I, who have the Benefit of your Example, by our ill Conduct, bring any Imputation on that honourable Name, we must be left without Excuse.

Thor. You compliment, young Man.—[*Trueman bows respectfully.*] Nay, I'm not offended. As the Name of Merchant never degrades the Gentleman, so by no Means does it exclude him ; only take heed not to purchase the Character of Complaisant at the Expence of your Sincerity.—But to answer your Question. The Bank of *Genoa* had agreed, at an excessive Interest, and on good Security, to advance the King of *Spain* a Sum of Money sufficient to equip his vast *Armado* ; of which our Peerless ELIZABETH (more than in Name the Mother of her People) being well inform'd, sent *Walsingham*, her wise and faithful Secretary, to consult the Merchants of this Loyal City ; who all agreed to direct their several Agents to influence, if possible, the *Genoese* to break their contract with the *Spanish* Court. 'Tis done ; the State and Bank of *Genoa*, having maturely weigh'd, and rightly judg'd of their true Interest, prefer the Friendship of the Merchants of *London* to that of a Monarch, who proudly styles himself King of both *Indies*.

Tr. Happy Success of prudent Councils ! What an Expence of Blood and Treasure is here sav'd ! Excellent Queen ! O, how unlike those Princes, who make the
Danger

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Danger of foreign Enemies a Pretence to oppress their Subjects by Taxes, great and grievous to be borne!

Thor. Not so our gracious Queen! whose richest Exchequer is her People's Love, as their Happiness her greatest Glory.

Tr. On these Terms to defend us, is to make our Protection a Benefit worthy Her who confers it, and well-worth our Acceptance.—Sir, have you any Commands for me at this Time?

Thor. Only look carefully over the Files, to see whether there be any Tradesmen's Bills unpaid; if there be, send and discharge 'em. We must not let Artificers lose their Time, so useful to the Public, and their Families, in unnecessary Attendance. [*Exit Trum. Enter Maria.*] Well, *Maria*, have you given Orders for the Entertainment? I wou'd have it in some Measure worthy the Guests. Let there be Plenty, and of the best, that the Courtiers may at least commend our Hospitality.

Ma. Sir, I have endeavour'd not to wrong your well known Generosity by an ill-tim'd Parsimony.

Thor. Nay, 'twas a needless Caution: I have no Cause to doubt your Prudence.

Ma. Sir, I find myself unfit for Conversation; I shou'd but increase the Number of the Company, without adding to their Satisfaction.

Thor. Nay, my Child, this Melancholy must not be indulg'd.

Ma. Company will but increase it: I wish you wou'd dispense with my Absence. Solitude best suits my present Temper.

Thor. You are not insensible, that it is chiefly on your Account, these noble Lords do me the Honour so frequently to grace my Board. Should you be absent, the Disappointment may make them repent their Condescension, and think their Labour lost.

Ma. He that shall think his Time or Honour lost in visiting you, can set no real Value on your Daughter's Company, whose only Merit is, that she is yours. The Man of Quality, who chuses to converse with a Gentle-

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man Merchant of your Worth and Character, may confer Honour by so doing, but he loses none.

Thor. Come, come, *Maria*, I need not tell you, that a young Gentleman may prefer your Conversation to mine, yet intend me no Disrespect at all; for, tho' he may lose no Honour in my Company, 'tis very natural for him to expect more Pleasure in yours. I remember the Time, when the Company of the greatest and wisest Man in the Kingdom would have been insipid and tiresome, if it had depriv'd me of an Opportunity of enjoying your Mother's.

Ma. Your's, no doubt, was as agreeable to her; for generous Minds know no Pleasure in Society, but where 'tis mutual.

Thor. Thou know'st I have no Heir, no Child but thee; the Fruits of many Years successful Industry must all be thine: Now it would give me Pleasure, great as my Love, to see on whom you would bestow it. I am daily solicited by Men of the greatest Rank and Merit for Leave to address you; but I have hitherto declin'd it, in hopes that, by Observation, I should learn which way your Inclination tends; for, as I know Love to be essential to Happiness in the Marriage State, I had rather my Approbation should confirm your Choice, than direct it.

Ma. What can I say? How shall I answer, as I ought, this Tenderness, so uncommon, even in the best of Parents? But you are without Example; had you been less indulgent, I had been most wretched. That I look on the Croud of Courtiers that visit here, with equal Esteem but equal Indifference, you have observ'd, and I must needs confess; yet had you asserted your Authority, and insisted on a Parent's Right to be obey'd, I had submitted, and to my Duty sacrific'd my Peace.

Thor. From your perfect Obedience in every other Instance, I fear'd as much; and therefore would leave you without a Bias in an Affair wherein your Happiness is so immediately concern'd.

Ma. Whether from a want of that just Ambition that wou'd become your Daughter, or from some other Cause I know not; but I find high Birth and Titles dont recommend

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commend the Man, who owns them, to my Affections.

Thor. I wou'd not that they shou'd, unless his Merit recommends him more. A noble Birth and Fortune, though they make not a bad Man good, yet they are a real Advantage to a worthy one, and place his Virtues in the fairest Light.

Ma. I cannot answer for my Inclinations ; but they shall ever be submitted to your Wisdom and Authority ; and as you will not compel me to marry where I cannot love, Love shall never make me act contrary to my Duty.—Sir, have I your Permission to retire ?

Thor. I'll see you to your Chamber. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

A Room in Millwood's House.

Millwood at the Toilet. Lucy waiting.

Mill. **H**OW do I look to Day, *Lucy* ?

Lucy. O killingly, Madam ! A little more Red, and you'll be irresistible !—But why this more than ordinary Care of your Dress and Complexion ? What new Conquest are you aiming at ?

Mill. A Conquest wou'd be new indeed !

Lucy. Not to you, who make 'em every Day—but to me—Well ! 'tis what I'm never to expect—unfortunate as I am !—But your Wit and Beauty—

Mill. First made me a Wretch, and still continue me so.—Men, however generous or sincere to one another, are all selfish Hypocrites in their Affairs to us. We are not otherwise esteem'd or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their Satisfaction.

Lucy. You are, certainly, Madam, on the wrong Side, in this Argument : Is not the Expence all theirs ? And I am sure it is our own Fault, if we han't our Share of the Pleasure.

Mill. VVe are but Slaves to Men.

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Lucy. Nay, 'tis they that are Slaves most certainly ; for we lay them under Contribution.

Mill. Slaves have no Property ; no, not even in themselves. All is the Victor's.

Lucy. You are strangely arbitrary in your Principles, Madam

Mill. I would have my Conquests compleat, like those of the *Spaniards* in the New World ; who first plunder'd the Natives of all the Wealth they had, and then condemn'd the Wretches to the Mines for Life, to work for more.

Lucy. Well, I shall never approve of your Scheme of Government : I should think it much more politic, as well as just, to find my Subjects an easier Employment.

Mill. It's a general Maxim among the knowing Part of Mankind, that a VWoman without Virtue, like a Man without Honour or Honesty, is capable of any Action, tho' never so vile : And yet what Pains will they not take, what Art not use, to seduce us from our Innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked, even in their own Opinions ? Then, is it not just, the Villains, to their Cost, should find us so ? But Guilt makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their Guard ; therefore we can take Advantage only of the young and innocent Part of the Sex, who having never injur'd VWoman, apprehend no Injury from them.

Lucy. Ay, they must be young indeed !

Mill. Such a one, I think, I have found.—As I've pass'd through the City, I have often observ'd him receiving and paying considerable Sums of Money ; from whence I conclude he's employ'd in Affairs of Consequence.

Lucy. Is he handsome ?

Mill. Ay, ay, the Striplin is well made, and has a good Face.

Lucy. About——

Mill. Eighteen.

Lucy. Innocent, handsome, and about eighteen !—You'll be vastly happy.—VWhy, if you manage well, you may keep him to yourself these two or three Years.

Mill.

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Mill. If I manage well, I shall have done with him much sooner. Having long had a Design on him, and meeting him Yesterday, I made a full Stop, and gazing wishfully on his Face, ask'd him his Name: He blush'd and bowing very low, answer'd, *George Barnwell*. I begg'd his Pardon for the Freedom I had taken, and told him, that he was the Person I had long wish'd to see, and to whom I had an Affair of Importance to communicate, at a proper Time and Place. He nam'd a Tavern; I talk'd of Honour and Reputation, and invited him to my House. He swallow'd the Bait, promis'd to come, and this is the Time I expect him. [*Knocking at the Door.*] Somebody knocks.—D'ye hear? I am at home to nobody To-day, but him. [*Exit Lucy.*] Less Affairs must give way to those of Consequence; and I am strangely mistaken, if this does not prove of great Importance to me, and him too, before I have done with him. Now, after what manner shall I receive him? Let me consider—What manner of Person am I to receive? He is young, innocent, and bashful; therefore I must take Care not to put him out of Countenance at first. But then, if I have any Skill in Physiognomy, he is amorous; and with a little Assistance, will soon get the better of his Modesty. I'll e'en trust to Nature, who does Wonders in these Matters.—If to seem what one is not, in order to be the better lik'd for what one really is; if to speak one thing, and mean the direct contrary, be Art in a Woman—I know nothing of Nature.

Enter Barnwell, bowing very low, Lucy at a Distance.

Mill. Sir! the Surprise and Joy!

Barn. Madam!

Mill. This is such a Favour!

[*Advancing.*

Barn. Pardon me, Madam!—

Mill. So unhop'd for!—

[*Still advances.*

[*Barnwell salutes her, and retires in Confusion.*

Mill. To see you here!—Excuse the Confusion.—

Barn. I fear I am too bold.—

Mill.

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Mill. Alas, Sir! I may justly apprehend you think me so.—Please, Sir, to sit.—I am as much at a Loss to receive this Honour as I ought, as I am surpris'd at your Goodness in conferring it.

Barn. I thought you had expected me: I promis'd to come.

Mill. That is the more surprising; few Men are such religious Observers of their VVord.

Barn. All, who are honest, are.

Mill. To one another; but we simple Women are seldom thought of Consequence enough to gain a Place in your Remembrance.

[*Laying her Hand on his, as by Accident.*

Barn. Her Disorder is so great, she don't perceive she has laid her Hand on mine.—Heav'ns! how she trembles!—VVhat can this mean? [*Aside.*

Mill. The Interest I have in all that relates to you, (the Reason of which you shall know hereafter) excites my Curiosity; and were I sure you would pardon my Presumption, I should desire to know your real Sentiments on a very particular Subject.

Barn. Madam, you may command my poor Thoughts on any Subject: I have none that I would conceal.

Mill. You'll think me bold.

Carn. No, indeed.

Mill. VVhat then are your Thoughts of Love?

Barn. If you mean the Love of Women, I have not thought of it at all. My Youth and Circumstances make such Thoughts improper in me as yet: But if you mean the general Love we owe to Mankind, I think no one has more of it in his Temper than myself. I don't know that Person in the World, whose Happiness I don't wish, and wou'd not promote, were it in my Power. In an especial Manner I love my Uncle, and my Master; but above all, my Friend.

Mill. You have a Friend then, whom you love?

Barn. As he does me, sincerely.

Mill. He is, no doubt, often bless'd with your Company and Conversation.

Barn. VVe live in one House, and both serve the same worthy Merchant.

Mill.

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Mill. Happy, happy Youth! whoe'er thou art, I envy thee, and so must all, who see and know this Youth. What have I lost, by being form'd a Woman? I hate my Sex, my-self.—Had I been a Man, I might, perhaps, have been as happy in our Friendship, as he who now enjoys it: But as it is—Oh!—

Barn. I never observ'd Women before, or this is sure the most beautiful of her Sex. [*Aside.*] You seem disorder'd, Madam: May I know the Cause?

Mill. Do not ask me;—I can never speak it, whatever is the Cause.—I wish for Things impossible. I wou'd be a Servant, bound to the same Master, to live in one House with you.

Barn. How strange, and yet how kind, her Words and Actions are! And the Effect they have on me is as strange.—I feel Desire I never knew before.—I must be gone, while I have Power to go. [*Aside,*] Madam, I humbly take my Leave.

Mill. You will not sure leave me so soon!

Barn. Indeed I must.

Mill. You cannot be so cruel! I have prepar'd a poor Supper, at which I promis'd my-self your Company.

Barn. I am sorry I must refuse the Honour you design'd me; but my Duty to my Master calls me hence I never yet neglected his Service: He is so gentle, and so good a Master, that should I wrong him, tho' he might forgive me, I should never forgive my-self.

Mill. Am I refus'd by the first Man, the second Favour I ever stoop'd to ask? Go then, thou proud, false-hearted Youth;—but know, you are the only Man that cou'd be found, who wou'd let me sue twice for greater Favours.

Barn. VVhat shall I do? How shall I go or stay?

Mill. Yet do not, do not leave me. I with my Sex's Pride wou'd meet your Scorn: But when I look upon you, when I behold those Eyes—Oh! spare my Tongue, and let my Blushes—(this Flood of Tears to that will force its VVay) declare——what VVoman's Modesty should hide.

Barn.

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Barn. Oh, Heav'ns! she loves me, worthless as I am. Her Looks, her Words, her flowing Tears confess it. And can I leave her then?—Oh! never, never.—Madam, dry up your Tears. You shall command me always: I will stay here for ever, if you'd have me.

Lucy So! she has wheedled him out of his Virtue of Obedience already, and will strip him of all the rest, one after another, 'till she has left him as few as her Ladyship, or my self. [*aside.*

Mill. Now you are kind indeed; but I mean not to detain you always: I would have you shake off all slavish Obedience to your Master; but you may serve him still.

Lucy. Serve him still!—Ay, or he'll have no Opportunity in fingering his Cash; and then he'll not serve your End, I'll be sworn. [*Aside.*

Enter Blunt,

Blunt. Madam, Supper's on the Table.

Mill. Come, Sir, you'll excuse all my Defects. My Thoughts were too much employ'd on my Guest to observe the Entertainment.

[*Exeunt Barnwell and Millwood.*

Blunt. What! Is all this Preparation, this elegant Supper, Variety of Wines, and Musick, for the Entertainment of that young Fellow?

Lucy. So it seems.

Blunt. What is our Mistress turn'd Fool at last? She's in love with him, I suppose.

Lucy. I suppose not.—But she designs to make him in love with her, if she can.

Blunt. What will she get by that? He seems under Age, and can't be suppos'd to have much Money.

Lucy. But his Master has; and that's the same Thing, as he'll manage it.

Blunt. I don't like this fooling with a handsome young Fellow; while she's endeavouring to ensnare him, she may be caught her-self.

Lucy. Nay, were she like me, that would certainly be the Consequence; for, I confess, there is something in Youth and Innocence that moves me mightily.

Blunt,

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Blunt. Yes, so does the Smoothness and Plumpness of a Partridge move a mighty Desire in the Hawk to be the Destruction of it.

Lucy. Why, Birds are their Prey, as Men are ours; though, as you observ'd, we are sometimes caught ourselves:—But that, I dare say, will never be the Case with our Mistress.

Blunt. I wish it may prove so; for you know we all depend upon her: Should she trifle away her Time with a young Fellow, that there's nothing to be got by, we may all starve.

Lucy. There's no Danger of that; for I am sure she has no View in this Affair, but Interest.

Blunt. Well, and what Hopes are there of Success in that?

Lucy. The most promising that can be.—'Tis true, the Youth has his Scruples; but she'll soon teach him to answer them, by stifling his Conscience. O! the Lad is in a hopeful Way, depend on't. *Exeunt.*

Scene draws, and discovers Barnwell and Millwood at Supper. An Entertainment of Musick and Singing. After which they come forward.

Barn. What can I answer?—All that I know is, that you are fair, and I am miserable.

Mill. We are both so, and yet the Fault is in ourselves.

Barn. To ease our present Anguish, by plunging into Guilt, is to buy a Moment's Pleasure with an Age of Pain.

Mill. I should have thought the Joys of Love as lasting as they are great; if ours prove otherwise, 'tis your Inconstancy must make them so.

Barn. The Law of Heaven will not be revers'd; and that requires us to govern our Passions.

Mill. To give us Sense of Beauty, and Desire, and yet forbid us to taste and be happy, is Cruelty to Nature. Have we Passions only to torment us?

Barn. To hear you talk, tho' in the Cause of Vice; to gaze upon your Beauty, press your Hand, and see
your

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your Snow-white Bosom heave and fall, enflames my Wishes; my Pulse beats high; my Senses are all in a Hurry, and I am on the Rack of wild Desire.—Yet for a Moment's guilty Pleasure, shall I lose my Innocence, my Peace of Mind, and Hopes of solid Happiness?

Mill, *Chimeras all! Come on with me, and prove
No Joy's like Woman-kind, no Heav'n like Love.*

Barn. I would not—yet must on.—

*Reluctant thus the Merchant quits his Ease,
And trusts to Rocks and Sands, and stormy Seas;
In hopes some unknown golden Coast to find,
Commits himself, tho' doubtful, to the Wind,
Longs much for Joys to come—yet mourns those left
behind.*

[Exeunt.]



ACT II. SCENE I

A Room in Thorowgood's House.

Enter Barnwell.

BARNWELL.



O W strange are all Things round me!
Like some Thief, who treads forbidden
Ground, and fain wou'd lurk unseen,
fearful I enter each Apartment of this
well-known House.—To guilty Love,
as if that were too little, already have I added Breach
of Trust.—A Thief! —Can I know my self, at
wretched Thing, and look my honest Friend and inter'd

The History of GEORGE BARNWELL. 23

Master in the Face? Tho' Hypocrisy may a while conceal my Guilt, at length it will be known, and publick Shame and Rain must ensue. In the mean Time, what must be my Life? Ever to speak a Language foreign to my Heart; hourly to add to the Number of my Crimes, in order to conceal 'em. Sure such was the Condition of the grand Apostate, when first he lost his Purity: Like me, disconsolate, he wander'd, and while yet in Heaven, bore all his future Hell about him.

Enter Trueman.

Mr. Barnwell! Oh how I rejoice to see you safe! so will our Master, and his gentle Daughter; who, during your Absence, often enquired after you.

Barn. Wou'd he were gone; his officious Love will pry into the Secrets of my Soul. [*Aside.*]

Tr. Unless you knew the Pain the whole Family has felt on your Account, you can't conceive how much you are belov'd: — But why thus cold and silent? When my Heart is full of Joy for your Return, why do you turn away? Why thus avoid me? What have I done? How am I alter'd since you saw me last? Or rather what have you done? And why are you thus chang'd? For I am still the same.

Barn. What have I done indeed? [*Aside.*]

Tr. Nor speak! Not look upon me! —

Barn. By my Face he will discover all I would conceal; methinks already I begin to hate him. [*Aside.*]

Tr. I cannot bear this Usage from a Friend; one whom till now I ever found so loving; whom yet I love; tho' this Unkindness strikes at the Root of Friendship, and might destroy it in any Breast but mine.

Barn. I am not well; [*turning to him.*] Sleep has been a Stranger to these Eyes, since you beheld them last.

Tr. Heavy they are indeed, and swoln with Tears; — now they o'erflow; — rightly did my sympathizing Heart forebode last Night, when thou wast absent, something fatal to our Peace.

C

Barn

26 *The LONDON MERCHANT: Or,*

Barn. Your Friendship engages you too far. My Troubles, whate'er they are, are mine alone; you have no Interest in them, nor ought your Concern for me to give you a Moment's Pain.

Tr. You speak as if you knew of Friendship nothing but the Name. Before I saw your Grief, I felt it. Since we parted last, I have slept no more than you; but pensive in my Chamber sat alone, and spent the tedious Night in Wishes for your Safety and Return: E'en now, tho' ignorant of the Cause, your Sorrow wounds me to the Heart.

Barn. 'Twill not be always thus: Friendship and all Engagements cease, as Circumstances and Occasions vary; and since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both, that now you lov'd me less.

Tr. Sure I but dream! without a Cause would *Barnwell* use me thus?—Ungenerous and ungrateful Youth, farewell;—I shall endeavour to follow your Advice.—*[Going.]* Yet stay, perhaps I am too rash, and angry when the Cause demands Compassion. Some unforeseen Calamity may have befall'n him, too great to bear.

Barn. What Part am I reduc'd to? 'Tis vile and base to move his Temper thus; the best of Friends and Men.

Tr. I am to blame; prithee, forgive me, *Barnwell*: Try to compose your ruffled Mind, and let me know the Cause that thus transports you from yourself; my friendly Council may restore your Peace.

Barn. All that is possible for Man to do for Man, your generous Friendship may effect; but here even that's in vain.

Tr. Something dreadful is labouring in your Breast: O give it vent, and let me share your Grief; 'twill ease your Pain, should it admit no Cure, and make it lighter by the Part I bear.

Barn. Vain Supposition! my Woes increase by being observ'd; should the Cause be known, they would exceed all Bounds.

Tr. So well I know thy honest Heart, Guilt cannot harbour there.

Barn.

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Barn. O Torture insupportable! [*Aside.*

Tr. Then why am I excluded? Have I a Thought I wou'd conceal from you?

Barn. If still you urge me on this hated Subject, I'll never enter more beneath this Roof, nor see your Face again.

Tr. 'Tis strange,——but I have done, say but you hate me not.

Barn. Hate you!—I am not that Monster yet.

Tr. Shall our Friendship continue?

Barn. It's a Blessing I never was worthy of, yet now must stand on Terms; and but upon Conditions can confirm it.

Tr. What are they?

Barn. Never hereafter, tho' you shou'd wonder at my Conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

Tr. 'Tis hard, but upon any Conditions I must be your Friend.

Barn. Then, as much as one lost to himself can be another's, I am yours. [*Embracing.*

Tr. Be ever so, and may Heaven restore your Peace.

Barn. Will Yesterday return?—We have heard the glorious Sun, that till then incessant roll'd, once stopp'd his rapid Course, and once went back: The Dead have risen; and parched Rocks pour'd forth a liquid Stream to quench the People's Thirst: The Sea divided, and form'd Walls of Water, while a Nation pass'd in Safety through its sandy Bottom: Hungry Lyons have refus'd their Prey; and Men unhurt have walk'd amidst consuming Flames; but never yet did Time once past return.

Tr. Tho' the continu'd Chain of Time has never once been broke, nor ever will, but uninterrupted must keep on its Course, till lost in Eternity; it ends there where it first began; yet as Heaven can repair whatever Time can bring upon us, we ought not to despair.——But Business requires our Attendance; Business, the Youth's best Preservative from all Ill, as Idleness, his worst of Snares——Will you go with me?

28 *The LONDON MERCHANT: Or,*

Barn. I'll take a little Time to reflect on what has past, and follow you. [*Exit Trueman.*] I might have trusted *Trueman*, and engag'd him to apply to my Uncle to repair the Wrong I have done my Master; but what of *Millwood*? Must I expose her too? Ungenerous and Base! then Heaven requires it not—But Heaven requires that I forsake her. What! never see her more! Does Heaven require that?—I hope I may see her, and Heaven not be offended. Presumptuous Hope,—dearly already have I prov'd my Frailty; should I once more tempt Heaven, I may be left to fall, never to rise again.—Yet shall I leave her, for ever leave her, and not let her know the Cause? She, who loves me with such a boundless Passion.—Can Cruelty be Duty? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure, The Love of Life, and Fear of Shame, oppos'd by Inclination strong as Death and Shame, like Wind and Tide in raging Conflict met, when neither can prevail, keep me in doubt; how then can I determine?

Enter Thorowgood.

Thor. Without a Cause assign'd, or Notice given, to absent yourself last Night was a Fault, young Man, and I came to chide you for it; but hope I am prevented: That modest Blush, the Confusion so visible in your Face, speak Grief and Shame. When we have offended Heaven, it requires no more; and shall Man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease:—If my Pardon or Love be of Moment to your Peace, look up secure of both.

Barnwell. This Goodness has o'ercome me. [*Aside.* O Sir! you know not the Nature and Extent of my Offence; and I should abuse your mistaken Bounty to receive it. Tho' I had rather die than speak my Shame; tho' Racks could not have forc'd the Guilty Secret from my Breast, your Kindness has.

Thor. Enough, enough, whate'er it be, this Concern shews you'r convinc'd, and I am satisfy'd. How painful is the Sense of Guilt to an ingenuous Mind—some youth-

The History of GEORGE BARNWELL. 29

youthful Folly, which it were prudent not to enquire into. When we consider the frail Condition of Humanity, it may raise our Pity, not our Wonder, that Youth should go astray. When Reason, weak at the best, oppos'd to Inclination, scarce form'd, and wholly unassisted by Experience, faintly contends, or willingly becomes the Slave of Sense. The State of Youth is much to be deplor'd; and the more so, because they see it not, being then to Danger most expos'd, when they are least prepar'd for their Defence. [*Aside.*

Barn. It will be known, and you recal your Pardon, and abhor me.

Thor. I never will. Yet be upon your Guard in this gay, thoughtless Season of your Life; when the Season of Pleasure's quick, and Passion high, the voluptuous Appetites, raging and fierce, demand the strongest Curb; take heed of a Relapse: When Vice becomes habitual, the very Power of leaving it is lost.

Barn. Hear me, on my Knees, confess—

Thor. Not a Syllable more upon this Subject; it were not Mercy, but Cruelty, to hear what must give you such Torment to reveal.

Barn. This Generosity amazes, and distracts me.

Thor. This Remorse makes thee dearer to me, than if thou hadst never offended; whatever is your Fault, of this I'm certain, 'twas harder for you to offend, than me to pardon. [*Exit Thor.*

Barn. Villain! Villain! Villain! basely to wrong so excellent a Man. Shou'd I again return to Folly—
Detested Thought;—but what of *Millwood* then?—
Why, I renounce her;—I give her up.—The Struggle's over, and Virtue has prevail'd. Reason may convince, but Gratitude compels. This unlook'd for Generosity has sav'd me from Destruction. [*Going.*

Enter a Footman.

Foot. Sir, two Ladies from your Uncle in the Country, desire to see you.

Barn. Who shou'd they be? [*Aside.*] Tell them I'll wait upon 'em.

[*Exit Footman.*

Barn.

30 *The LONDON MERCHANT: Or,*

Barn. Methinks I dread to see 'em.—Now every Thing alarms me.—Guilt, what a Coward hast thou made me?

SCENE II.

*Another Room in Thorowgood's House.
Millwood and Lucy discover'd. Enter Footman:*

Foot. Ladies, he'll wait upon you immediately.

Mill. 'Tis very well.—I thank you. [*Exit Foot.*]

Enter Barnwell.

Barnwell. **C**onfusion! *Millwood!*

Mill. That angry Look tells me that here I'm an unwelcome Guest; I fear'd as much; the Unhappy are so every where.

Barn. Will nothing but my utter Ruin content you?

Mill. Unkind, and cruel! Lost myself, your Happiness is now my only Care.

Barn. How did you gain Admittance?

Mill. Saying we were desir'd by your Uncle to visit and deliver a Message to you, we were receiv'd by the Family without Suspicion, and with much Respect conducted here.

Barn. Why did you come at all?

Mill. I never shall trouble you more; I'm come to take my Leave for ever. Such is the Malice of my Fate. I go hopeless, despairing ever to return. This Hour is all I have left. One short Hour is all I have to bestow on Love and you, for whom I thought the longest Life too short.

Barn. Then we are met to part for ever.

Mill. It must be so. Yet think not that Time or Absence shall ever put a Period to my Grief, or make me love you less; tho' I must leave you, yet condemn me not.

Barn.

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Barn. Condemn you ! No, I approve your Resolution, and rejoice to hear it ; 'tis just, — 'tis necessary, I have well weigh'd, and found it so.

Lucy. I'm afraid the young Man has more Sense than ~~he~~ thought he had. [Aside.]

Barn. Before you came, I had determin'd never to see you more.

Mill. Confusion !

[Aside.]

Lucy. Ah ! we are all out ; this is a Turn so unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my Part ; they must e'en play the Scene betwixt themselves. [Aside.]

Mill. 'Twas some Relief to think, tho' absent, you would love me still ; but to find, tho' Fortune had been indulgent, that you, more cruel and inconstant, had resolv'd to cast me off — This, as I never could expect, I have not learn'd to bear.

Barn. I am sorry to hear you blame in me a Resolution, that so well becomes us both.

Mill. I have Reason for what I do, but you have none.

Barn. Can we want a Reason for parting, who have so many to wish we never had met ?

Mill. Look on me, *Barnwell* ; am I deform'd or old, that Satiety so soon succeeds Enjoyment ? Nay, look again ; am not I she, whom Yesterday you thought the fairest and kindest of her Sex ? Whose Hand, trembling with Extacy you press'd and moulded thus, while on my Eyes you gaz'd with such Delight, as if Desire increas'd by being fed.

Barn. No more, let me repent my former Follies, if possible, without remembring what they were.

Mill. Why ?

Barn. Such is my Frailty, that 'tis dangerous.

Mill. Where is the Danger, since we are to part ?

Barn. The Thought of that already is too painful.

Mill. If it be painful to part, then I may hope at least you do not hate me.

Barn. No — no — I never said I did — O my Heart !

Mill. Perhaps you pity me.

Barn.

32 *The LONDON MERCHANT : Or,*

Barn. I do——I do——Indeed I do:

Mill. You'll think upon me.

Barn. Doubt it not, while I think at all.

Mill. You may judge an Embrace at parting too great a Favour. ~~Who~~ it would be the last. [*He draws back.*
A Look shall then suffice——Farewell——for ever.

[*Exeunt Millwood and Lucy.*

Barn. If to resolve to suffer be to conquer,——I have conquer'd.——Painful Victory !

Re-enter Millwood and Lucy.

Mill. One thing I had forgot ; ——I never must return to my own House again. This I thought proper to let you know, lest your Mind should change, and you should seek in vain to find me there. Forgive me this second Intrusion ; I only came to give you this Caution, and that perhaps was needless.

Barn. I hope it was, yet it is kind, and I must thank you for it.

Mill. My Friend, your Arm, [*To Lucy.* [Now I am gone for ever. [*Going.*

Barn. One thing more : ——Sure there's no Danger in my knowing where you go ; if you think otherwise——

Mill. Alas ! [*Weeping.*

Lucy. We are right, I find ; that's my Cue. [*Aside.*
Ah ! dear Sir, she's going she knows not whither ; but go she must.

Barn. Humanity obliges me to wish you well : Why will you thus expose yourself to needless Troubles ?

Lucy. Nay, there's no Help for it : She must quit the Town immediately, and the Kingdom as soon as possible. It was no small Matter, you may be sure, that could make her resolve to leave you.

Mill. No more, my Friend ; since he, for whose dear Sake alone I suffer, and am content to suffer, is kind and pities me. Where e'er I wander, thro' Wilds and Desarts benighted and forlorn, that Thought shall give me Comfort.

Barn. For my Sake ! ——O tell me how : Which way am I so curs'd, as to bring such Ruin on thee ?

Mill.

33 *The LONDON MERCHANT: Or,*

Mill. No matter, I am contented with my Lot.

Barn. Leave me not in this Uncertainty.

Mill. I have said too much.

Barn. How, how am I ~~the~~ Cause of your Undoing?

Mill. To know it will but increase your Troubles.

Barn. My Troubles can't be greater than they are.

Lucy. Well, well, Sir, if she won't satisfy you, I will.

Barn. I am bound to you beyond Expression.

Mill. Remember, Sir, that I desired you not to hear it:

Barn. Begin, and ease my racking Expectation.

Lucy. Why, you must know, my Lady here was an only Child, and her Parents, dying while she was young, left her and her Fortune, (no inconsiderable one I assure you) to the Care of a Gentleman, who has a good Estate of his own.

Barn. Ay, ay, the barbarous Man is rich enough; but what are Riches when compar'd to Love?

Lucy. For a while he perform'd the Office of a faithful Guardian, settled her in a House, hir'd her Servants——But you have seen in what Manner she liv'd, so I need say no more of that.

Mill. How I shall live hereafter, Heaven knows!

Lucy. All Things went on as one cou'd wish; till some time ago, his Wife dying, he fell violently in Love with his Charge, and wou'd fain have marry'd her: Now the Man is neither old nor ugly, but a good personable sort of a Man, but I don't know how it was, she cou'd never endure him. In short, her ill Usage so provok'd him, that he brought in an Account of his Executorship, wherein he makes her Debtor to him.----

Mill. A Trifle in itself, but more than enough to ruin me, whom, by his unjust Account, he had stripp'd of all before.

Lucy. Now, she having neither Money, nor Friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as herself, he compell'd her to pass his Account, and give a Bond for the Sum he demanded; but still provided handsomely for her, and continued his Courtship, till being inform'd by his Spies (truly I suspect some in her own Family)
that

34 *The LONDON MERCHANT: Or,*

that you were entertain'd at her House, and stay'd with her all Night, he came this Morning, raving and storming like a Madman, talks no more of Marriage, (so there's no Hopes of making up Matters that Way) but vows her Ruin, unless she'll allow him the same Favour that he supposes she granted you.

Barn. Must she be ruin'd, or find her Refuge in another's Arms?

Mill. He gave me but an Hour to resolve in; that's happily spent with you,——And now I go——

Barn. To be expos'd to all the Rigours of the various Seasons; the Summer's parching Heat, and Winter's Cold, unhous'd to wander, friendless, through the unhospitable World in Misery and Want, attended with Fear and Danger, and pursu'd with Malice and Revenge. Wou'dst thou endure all this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing, to prevent it?

Lucy. 'Tis really a Pity, there can be no Way found out.

Barn. O where are all my Resolutions now? Like early Vapours, or the Morning Dew, chas'd by the Sun's warm Beams, they're vanish'd and lost, as tho' they had never been.

Lucy. Now I advis'd her, Sir, to comply with the Gentleman; that wou'd not only put an End to her Troubles, but make her Fortune at once.

Barn. Tormenting Fiend, away! I had rather perish, nay see her perish, than have her sav'd by him: I will myself prevent her Ruin, tho' with my own: A Moment's Patience; I'll return immediately.

[Exit Barnwell.]

Lucy. 'Twas well you came, or by what I can perceive, you had lost him.

Mill. That, I must confess, was a Danger I did not foresee; I was only afraid he should have come without Money. You know, a House of Entertainment, like mine, is not to be kept without Expence.

Lucy. That's very true: But then you shou'd be reasonable in your Demands; 'tis pity to discourage a young Man.

Mill. Leave that to me:

Re-

The History of GEORGE BARNWELL. 35

Re-enter Barnwell, with a Bag of Money.

Barn. What am I about to do?—Now you who boast your Reason all-sufficient, suppose yourselves in my Condition, and determine for me; whether 'tis right to let her suffer for my Faults, or by this small Addition to my Guilt, prevent the Effects of what is past.

Lucy. These young Sinners think every Thing in the Way of Wickedness so strange!—But I cou'd tell him that it is nothing but what's very common; for one Vice as naturally begets another, as a Father a Son. But he'll find out that himself, if he lives long enough. [*Aside.*]

Barn. Here, take this, and with it purchase your Deliverance; return to your House, and live in Peace and Safety.

Mill. So I may hope to see you there again.

Barn. Answer me not, but fly, lest in the Agonies of my Remorse, I take again what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to Want and Misery.

Mill. Say you'll come.

Barn. You are my Fate, my Heaven, or my Hell; only leave me now, dispose of me hereafter as you please. [*Exit Millwood and Lucy.*]

Barn. What have I done? Were my Reflections founded on Reason, and sincerely made? Why then has Heaven suffer'd me to fall? I sought not the Occasion; and, if my Heart deceives me not, Compassion and Generosity were my Motives. Is Virtue inconsistent with itself? Or are Vice and Virtue only empty Names? Or do they depend upon Accidents beyond our Power to produce, or to prevent, wherein we have no Part, and yet must be determin'd by the Event?—But why should I attempt to reason? All is Confusion, Horror, and Remorse. I find I am lost, cast down from all my late erected Hope, and plung'd again in Guilt, yet scarce know how or why:

*Such undistinguish'd Horrors make my Brain,
Like Hell, the Seat of Darkness and of Pain.* [*Exit.*]

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT



ACT III. SCENE 1.

*A Room in Thorowgood's House.**Enter Thorowgood and Trueman.*

T H O R O W G O O D.



Ethinks I wou'd not only have you learn the Method of Merchandize, and practise it hereafter merely as a Means of getting Wealth: It will be well worth your Pains to study it as a Science, to see how it is founded on Reason, and the Nature of Things; how it promotes Humanity, as it has open'd, and yet keeps up an Intercourse between Nations, far remote from one another in Situation, Customs, and Religion; promoting Arts, Industry, Peace and Plenty; by mutual Benefits diffusing mutual Love from Pole to Pole

Tr. Something of this I have consider'd, and hope, by your Assistance, to extend my Thoughts much farther. I have observ'd those Countries where Trade is promoted and encourag'd, do not make Discoveries to destroy, but to improve Mankind; by Love and Friendship to tame the Fierce, and polish the most Savage; to teach them the Advantages of honest Traffick, by taking from them, with their own Consent, their useless Superfluities; and giving them, in Return, what, from their Ignorance of manual Arts, their Situation, or some other Accident, they stand in need of.

Thor. 'Tis justly observ'd. The populous East, luxuriant, abounds with glittering Gems, bright Pearls, aromatick Spices, and Health-restoring Drugs: The late found Western World's rich Earth glows with unnum-
ber'd

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ber'd Veins of Gold and Silver Ore. On every Climate, and on every Country. Heaven has bestow'd some Good peculiar to itself. It is the industrious Merchant's Business to collect the various Blessings of each Soil and Climate; and with the Product of the whole, to enrich his native Country.— Well! I have examin'd your Accounts: They are not only just, as I have always found them, but regularly kept, and fairly enter'd. I commend your Diligence. Method in Business is the surest Guide: He who neglects it frequently stumbles, and always wanders perplex'd, uncertain, and in Danger. Are *Barnwell's* Accounts ready for my Inspection? He does not use to be the last on these Occasions.

Tr. Upon receiving your Orders he retir'd, I thought, in some Confusion. If you please, I'll go and hasten him. I hope he has not been guilty of any Neglect.

Thor. I am now going to the *Exchange*; let him know at my Return, I expect to find him ready. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Maria, with a Book. Sits and reads.

Ma. How forcible is Truth! The weakest Mind, in spir'd with Love of that, fix'd and collected in itself, with Indifference beholds the united Force of Earth and Hell opposing. Such Souls are rais'd above the Sense of Pain, or so supported, that they regard it not. The Martyr cheaply purchases his Heaven; small are his Sufferings, great is his Reward. Not so the Wretch who combats Love with Duty; whose Mind, weaken'd and dissolv'd by the lost Passion, feeble and hopeless, opposes its own Desires.—What is an Hour, a Day, a Year of Pain, to a whole Life of Tortures such as these?

Enter Trueman,

Tr. O *Barnwell*! O my Friend! how art thou fallen!

Ma. Ha! *Barnwell*! What of him? Speak, say what of *Barnwell*!

Tr. 'Tis not to be conceal'd: I've News to tell of him, that will afflict your generous Father, yourself, and all who know him.

D

Ma.

38 *The LONDON MERCHANT: Or,*

Ma. Defend us Heaven!

Tr. I cannot speak it. See there.

[*Trueman gives a Letter; Maria reads.*

I Know my Absence will surprise my honour'd Master and yourself; and the more, when you shall understand, that the Reason of my withdrawing is my having embezzell'd Part of the Cash with which I was entrusted. After this, tis needless to inform you, that I intend never to return again. Though this might have been known, by examining my Accounts; yet to prevent that unnecessary Trouble, and to cut off all fruitless Expectation of my Return, I have left this from the lost

George Barnwell.

Tr. Lost indeed! Yet how he should be guilty of what he there charges himself withal, raises my Wonder equal to my Grief. Never had Youth a higher Sense of Virtue. Justly he thought, and, as he thought, he practis'd never was Life more regular than his. An Understanding uncommon at his Years; an open, generous Manliness of Temper: his manners easy, unaffected, and engaging.

Ma. This, and much more, you might have said with Truth. He was the Delight of every Eye, and Joy of every Heart that knew him.

Tr. Since such he was, and was my Friend, can I support his loss? See the fairest, happiest Maid this wealthy City boasts, kindly condescends to weep for thy unhappy Fate, poor ruin'd *Barnwell*!

Ma. *Trueman*, do you think a Soul so delicate as his, so sensible of Shame, can e'er submit to live a Slave to Vice.

Tr. Never, never. So well I know him, I'm sure this Act of his, so contrary to his Nature, must have been caus'd by some unavoidable Necessity.

Ma. Is there no Means yet to preserve him?

Tr. O that there were! But few Men recover Reputation lost; a Merchant never. Nor would he, I fear, tho' I should find him, ever be brought to look his injur'd Master in the Face.

Ma. I fear as much, and therefore would never have my Father know it.

Tr.

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Tr. That's impossible.

Ma. What's the Sum?

Tr. 'Tis considerable: I've mark'd it here, to shew it, with the Letter, to your Father at his Return.

Ma. If I should supply the Money, cou'd you so dispose of that, and the Account, as to conceal this unhappy Mismanagement from my Father?

Tr. Nothing more easy. But can you intend it? Will you save a helpless Wretch from Ruin? Oh! 'twere an Act, worthy such exalted Virtue as *Maria's*. Sure Heaven, in Mercy to my Friend, inspir'd the generous Thought.

Ma. Doubt not but I would purchase so great a Happiness at a much dearer Price. But how shall he be found?

Tr. Trust to my Diligence for that. In the mean Time, I'll conceal his Absence from your Father, or find such Excuses for it, that the real Cause shall never be suspected.

Ma. In attempting to save from Shame, one, who we hope may yet return to Virtue, to Heaven, and You, the only Witnesses of this Action, I appeal, whether I do any thing misbecoming my Sex and Character.

Tr. Earth must approve the Deed, and Heaven, I doubt not, will reward it.

Ma. If Heaven succeeds it, I am well rewarded. A Virgin's Fame is sullied by Suspicion's lightest Breath: And therefore, as this must be a Secret to my Father and the World, for *Barnwell's* sake; for mine, let it be so to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Another Room in Thorowgood's House.

Enter Lucy and Blunt.

Lucy. WELL! what do you think of *Millwood's* Conduct now?

Blunt. I own it is surprising: I don't know which to admire most, her feign'd, or his real Passion; tho' I have

D 2

some-

sometimes been afraid, that her Avarice wou'd discover her. But his Youth, and Want of Experience, make it the easier to impose on him.

Lucy. No, it is his Love. To do him Justice, notwithstanding his Youth, he don't want Understanding. But you Men are much easier impos'd on in these Affairs, than your Vanity will allow you to believe. Let me see the wisest of you all as much in Love with me, as *Barnwell* is with *Millwood*, and I'll engage to make as great a Fool of him.

Blunt. And all Circumstances consider'd, to make as much Money of him too.

Lucy. I can't answer for that. Her Artifice in making him rob his Master at first, and the various Stratagems by which she has oblig'd him to continue that Course, astonish even me, who know her so well.

Blunt. But then you are to consider, that the Money was his Master's.

Lucy. There was the Difficulty of it. Had it been his own, it had been nothing: Were the World his, she might have it for a Smile. But those golden Days are gone. He's ruin'd, and *Millwood's* Hopes of farther Profits there are at an End.

Blunt. That's no more than we all expected.

Lucy. Being call'd by his Master to make up his Accounts, he was forc'd to quit his House and Service, and wisely flies to *Millwood* for Relief and Entertainment.

Blunt. I have not heard of this before: How did she receive him?

Lucy. As you wou'd expect. She wonder'd what he meant; was astonish'd at his Impudence; and with an Air of Modesty, peculiar to herself, swore so heartily, that she never saw him before, that she put me out of Countenance.

Blunt. That's much indeed! But how did *Barnwell* behave?

Lucy. He griev'd, and at length, enrag'd at this barbarous Treatment, was preparing to be gone; and making

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making towards the Door, shew'd a Sum of Money which he had brought from his Master's, the last he is ever like to have from thence.

Blunt. But then *Millwood*?

Lucy. Ay she, with her usual Address, return'd to her old Arts of lying, swearing, and dissembling; hung on his Neck, wept, and swore 'twas meant in Jest. The amorous Youth, melted into Tears, threw the Money into her Lap, and swore he had rather die than think her false.

Blunt. Strange Infatuation!

Lucy. But what ensu'd was stranger still. As Doubts and Fears, follow'd by Reconcilement, ever increase Love, where the Passion is sincere; so in him, it caus'd so wild a Transport of excessive Fondness, such Joy, such Grief, such Pleasure, and such Anguish, that Nature seem'd sinking with the Weight, and his charm'd Soul dispos'd to quit his Breast for hers. Just then, when every Passion with lawless Anarchy prevail'd, and Reason was in the raging Tempest lost, the cruel, artful *Millwood* prevail'd upon the wretched Youth to promise — what I tremble but to think on.

Blunt. I am amaz'd. What can it be?

Lucy. You will be more so, to hear it is to attempt the Life of his nearest Relation, and best Benefactor—

Blunt. His Uncle? whom we have often heard him speak of, as a Gentleman of a large Estate, and fair Character, in the Country where he lives.

Lucy. The same. She was no sooner possess'd of the last dear Purchase of his Ruin, but her Avarice, insatiate as the Grave, demanded this horrid Sacrifice. *Barnwell's* near Relation, and unsuspected Virtue must give too easy Means to seize the good Man's Treasure; Whose Blood must seal the dreadful Secret; and prevent the Terrors of her guilty Fears.

Blunt. Is it possible she cou'd persuade him to do an Act like that? He is by Nature honest, grateful, compassionate, and generous. And tho' his Love, and her artful Persuasions, have wrought him to practise what he most abhors; yet we all can witness for him, what

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what Reluctance he has still comply'd: So many Tears he shed o'er each Offence, as might, if possible, sanctify Theft, and make a Merit of a Crime.

Lucy. 'Tis true, at the naming the Murder of his Uncle, he started into Rage; and breaking from her Arms, (where she till then had held him with well dissembled Love, and false Endearments) call'd her cruel, Monster, Devil; and told her she was born for his Destruction. She thought it not for her Purpose to meet his Rage with Rage, but affected a most passionate Fit of Grief; rail'd at her Fate, and curs'd her wayward Stars, that still her Wants shou'd force her to press him to act such Deeds, as she must needs abhor, as well as he. She told him Necessity had no Law, and Love no Bounds; that therefore he never truly lov'd, but meant in her Necessity to forsake her. Then she kneel'd, and swore, that since, by his Refusal, he had given her Cause to doubt his Love, she never wou'd see him more; unless to prove it true, he robb'd his Uncle to supply her Wants, and murder'd him to keep it from Discovery.

Blunt. I am astonish'd! What said he?

Lucy. Speechless he stood; but in his Face you might have read, that various Passions tore his very Soul. Oft he in Anguish threw his Eyes towards Heaven, and then as often bent their Beams on her; then wept, and groan'd, and beat his troubled Breast; at length, with Horror, not to be express'd, he cry'd, Thou curs'd Fair! have I not given dreadful Proofs of Love? What drew me from my youthful Innocence, and stain'd my then unspotted Soul, but Love? What caus'd me to rob my worthy, gentle Master, but curs'd Love? What makes me now a Fugitive from his Service, loath'd by myself, and scorn'd by all the World, but Love? What fills my Eyes with Tears, my Soul with Torture, never felt on this side Death before? Why, Love, Love, Love. And why, above all, do I resolve (for, tearing his Hair, he cry'd, I do resolve) to kill my Uncle?

Blunt. Was she not mov'd? It makes me weep to hear the sad Relation.

Lucy!

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Lucy. Yes—with Joy, that she had gain'd her Point. She gave him no Time to cool, but urg'd him to attempt it instantly. He's now gone. If he performs it, and escapes, there's more Money for her; if not, he'll ne'er return, and then she's fairly rid of him.

Blunt. 'Tis Time the World were rid of such a Monster.

Lucy. If we don't use our Endeavours to prevent this Murder, we are as bad as she.

Blunt. I am afraid it is too late.

Lucy. Perhaps not: Her Barbarity to *Barnwell* makes me hate her. We have run too great a Length with her already. I did not think her, or myself so wicked, as I find, upon Reflection, we are.

Blunt. 'Tis true, we have been all too much so. But there is something so horrid in Murder, that all other Crimes seem nothing when compar'd to that: I wou'd not be involv'd in the Guilt of it for all the World.

Lucy. Nor I, Heaven knows. Therefore let us clear ourselves, by doing all that is in our Power to prevent it. I have just thought of a Way, that to me seems probable. Will you join with me to detect this cursed Design?

Blunt. With all my Heart. He who knows of a Murder, intended to be committed, and does not discover it, in the Eye of the Law and Reason, is a Murderer.

Lucy. Let us lose no Time; I'll acquaint you with the Particulars as we go. [*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.

A Walk at some Distance from a Country Seat.

Enter Barnwell.

Barn. **A** Dismal Gloom obscures the Face of Day: Either the Sun has slipt behind a Cloud, or journeys down the West of Heaven with more than common Speed, to avoid the Sight of what I'm doom'd

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to act. Since I set forth on this accurs'd Design, where e'er I tread, methinks, the solid Earth trembles beneath my Feet. Yonder limpid Stream, whose hoary Fall has made a natural Cascade, as I pass'd by, in doleful Accents seem'd to murmur — Murder! The Earth, the Air, and Water, seem'd concern'd. But that's not strange: The World is punish'd, and Nature feels a Shock, when Providence permits a good Man's Fall. Just Heaven! then what should I feel for him that was my Father's only Brother, and since his Death has been to me a Father? That took me up an Infant and an Orphan, rear'd me with tenderest Care, and still indulg'd me with most paternal Fondness? Yet here I stand his destin'd Murderer! — I stiffen with Horror at my own Impiety. — 'Tis yet unperform'd. — What if I quit my bloody Purpose, and fly the Place! [*Going; then stops.*] — But whither, O whither shall I fly? My Master's once friendly Doors are ever shut against me; and without Money *Millwood* will never see me more; and she has got such firm Possession of my Heart, and governs there with such despotic Sway, that Life is not to be endur'd without her. Ay, there's the Cause of all my Sin and Sorrow: 'Tis more than Love; it is the Fever of the Soul, and Madness of Desire. In vain does Nature, Reason, Conscience, all oppose it; the impetuous Passion bears down all before it, and drives me on to Lust, to Theft, and Murder. Oh Conscience! feeble Guide to Virtue! Thou only shew'st us when we go astray, but wantest Power to stop us in our Course — Ha! in yonder shady Walk I see my Uncle — He's alone. — Now for my Disguise — [*Plucks out a Vizard.*] — This is his Hour of private Meditation. Thus daily he prepares his Soul for Heaven, whilst I — But what have I to do with Heaven! Ha! No Struggles, Conscience —

*Hence, hence, Remorse, and every Thought that's good!
The Stream, that Lust began, must end in Blood.*

[Puts on a Vizard, draws a Pistol, and Exit.]

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

A close Walk in a Wood.

Enter Uncle.

Un. **I** F I were superstitious, I should fear some Danger lurk'd unseen, or Death were nigh. A heavy Melancholy clouds my Spirits. My Imagination is fill'd with ghastly Forms of dreary Graves, and Bodies chang'd for Death; when the pale, lengthen'd Visage attracts each weeping Eye, and fills the musing Soul, at once, with Grief and Horror, Pity and Aversion. I will indulge the Thought. The wise Man prepares himself for Death, by making it familiar to his Mind. When strong Reflections hold the Mirror near, and the Living in the Dead behold their future Self; how does each inordinate Passion and Desire cease, or sicken at the View! The Mind scarce moves; the Blood, curdling and chill'd, creeps slowly thro' the Veins: Fix'd still, and motionless, we stand, so like the solemn Object of our Thoughts, we are almost at present, what we must be hereafter; till Curiosity awakes the Soul, and sets it on Enquiry.

[*Enter George Barnwell at a Distance.*] O Death, thou strange mysterious Power, seen every Day, yet never understood, but by the incommunicative Dead, what art thou? The extensive Mind of Man, that with a Thought circles the Earth's vast Globe, sinks to the Center, or ascends above the Stars, that Worlds exotic finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick Clouds attempt to pass in vain: Lost and bewilder'd in the horrid Gloom, defeated she returns more doubtful than before, of nothing certain, but of Labour lost.

[*During this Speech, Barnwell sometimes presents the Pistol, and draws it back again.*

Barn. Oh, 'tis impossible! [*throwing down the Pistol.*
Uncle starts, and attempts to draw his Sword.

Uncle. A Man so near me! arm'd and masqu'd!—

Barn. Nay, then there's no Retreat.

[*Plucks a Ponyard from his Bosom, and stabs him.*
Uncle.

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Uncle. Oh! I am slain! All gracious Heaven! regard the Prayer of thy dying Servant: Bless with the choicest Blessings my dearest Nephew, forgive my Murderer, and take my fleeting Soul to endless Mercy!

Barnwell throws off his Mask, runs to him, and kneeling by him, raises and chafes him.

Barn. Expiring Saint! O murder'd, martyr'd Uncle! Lift up your dying Eyes, and view your Nephew in your Murderer——O, do not look so tenderly upon me!——Let Indignation lighten from your Eyes, and blast me ere you die.——By Heaven, he weeps in Pity of my Woes——Tears, Tears for Blood.——The murder'd, in the Agonies of Death, weeps for his Murderer.——O! speak your pious Purpose; pronounce my Pardon then, and take me with you——He wou'd, but cannot.——O why, with such fond Affection, do you press my murdering Hand?—What! will you kiss me? (*Barnwell kisses his Uncle, who groans and dies.*) Life, that hover'd on his Lips, but till he had seal'd my Pardon in that Kiss expir'd. He's gone for ever——and oh! I follow——[*Swoons away upon his Uncle's dead Body.*] Do I still live to press the suffering Bosom of the Earth?—Do I still breathe, and taint with my infectious Breath the wholesome Air?——Let Heaven from its high Throne, in Justice or in Mercy, now look down on that dear murder'd Saint, and me the Murderer! and if his Vengeance spares, let Pity strike, and end my wretched Being!——Murder, the worst of Crimes, and Parricide, the worst of Murders, and this is the worst of Parricides. *Cain*, who stands on Record from the Birth of Time, and must to its last final Period, as accurs'd, slew a Brother, favour'd above him: Detested *Nero*, by another's Hand, dispatch'd a Mother, that he fear'd and hated: But I, with my own Hand, have murder'd a Brother, Mother, Father, and a Friend, most loving and belov'd.——This execrable Act of mine, is without a Parallel.——O may it ever stand alone, the last of Murders, as it is the worst!

*The rich Man thus, in Torment and Dispair,
Preferr'd his wain, but charitable Pray'r:*

The

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*The Fool his own Soul lost, wou'd fain be wise
For other's Good; but Heav'n his Suit denies.
By Laws and Means well known we stand or fall,
And one eternal Rule remains for all.*

The End of the Third ACT.



ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room in Thorowgood's House.

Enter Maria.

M A R I A.



O W falsely do they judge, who censure
or applaud, as we're afflicted or reward-
ed here ! I know I am unhappy ; yet
cannot charge myself with any Crime,
more than the common Frailties of our
Kind, that should provoke just Heaven to mark me out
for Sufferings so uncommon and severe. Falsly to ac-
cuse ourselves, Heaven must abhor. Then it is just and
right that Innocence shou'd suffer ; for Heaven must be
just in all its Ways. Perhaps by that we are kept from
moral Evils, much worse than penal, or more improv'd
in Virtue. Or may not the lesser Ills that we sustain be
made the Means of greater Good to others ? Might all
the joyless Days and sleepless Nights that I have past,
but purchase Peace for thee.

*Thou dear, dear Cause of all my Grief and Pain !
Small were the Loss, and infinite the Gain ;
Tho' to the Grave in secret Love I pine,
So Life and Fame, and Happiness were thine.*

Enter Trueman.

What News of Barnwell ?

Tr. None : I have sought him with the greatest Di-
ligence, but all in vain.

Ma.

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Ma. Does my Father yet suspect the Cause of his Absence?

Tr. All appear'd so just and fair to him, it is not possible he ever should. But his Absence will no longer be conceal'd. Your Father is wise; and though he seems to hearken to the friendly Excuses I would make for *Barnwell*; yet, I am afraid, he regards them only as such, without suffering them to influence his Judgment.

Ma. How does the unhappy Youth defeat all our Designs to serve him! Yet I can never repent what we have done. Shou'd he return, 'twill make his Reconciliation with my Father easier, and preserve him from future Reproach of a malicious, unforgiving World.

Enter Thorowgood and Lucy.

Thor. This Woman here has given me a sad, and (bating some Circumstances) too probable an Account of *Barnwell's* Defection.

Lucy. I am sorry, Sir, that my frank Confession of my former unhappy Course of Life, should cause you to suspect my Truth on this Occasion.

Thor. It is not that: Your Confession has in it all the Appearance of Truth. Among many other Particulars, she informs me, that *Barnwell* has been influenc'd to break his Trust, and wrong me, at several times, of considerable Sums of Money. Now, as I know this to be false, I wou'd fain doubt the whole of her Relation, too dreadful to be willingly believ'd.

Ma. Sir, your Pardon; I find myself, on a sudden, so indispos'd, that I must retire. Providence opposes all Attempts to save him. Poor, ruin'd *Barnwell*! Wretched, lost *Maria*!

[*Aside. Exit Maria.*]

Thor. How am I distress'd on every Side! Pity for that unhappy Youth, Fear for the Life of a much valued Friend—and then my Child—the only Joy and Hope of my declining Life!—her Melancholy increases hourly, and gives me painful Apprehensions of her Loss. — O *Trueman*! this Person informs me, that
your

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your Friend, at the Instigation of an impious Woman, is gone to rob and murder his venerable Uncle.

Tr. O execrable Deed! I am blasted with the Horror of the Thought.

Lucy. This Delay may ruin all.

Thor. What to do or think, I know not. That he ever wrong'd me, I know is false; the rest may be so too; there's all my Hope.

Tr. Trust not to that; rather suppose all true, than lose a Moment's Time. Even now the horrid Deed may be a doing—dreadful Imagination! — or it may be done, and we be vainly debating on the Means to prevent what is already past.

Thor. This Earnestness convinces me, that he knows more than he has yet discover'd. What ho! without there, who waits? [*Enter a Servant.*] Order a Groom to saddle the swiftest Horse, and prepare to set out with Speed; an Affair of Life and Death demands his Diligence. [*Exit Servant.*] For you, whose Behaviour on this Occasion I have no Time to commend as it deserves, I must engage your further Assistance. Return and observe this *Millwood* till I come. I have your Directions, and will follow you as soon as possible. [*Exit Lucy.*] *Trueman*, you, I am sure, will not be idle on this Occasion. [*Exit Thorowgood.*]

Tr. He only, who is a Friend, can judge of my Distress.

SCENE II.

Millwood's House.

Enter Millwood.

Mill. I With I knew the Event of his Design. The Attempt without Success would ruin him. Well! what have I to apprehend from that? I fear too much the Mischief being only intended, his Friends thro' Pity of his Youth, turn all their Rage on me, I should have thought of that before. Suppose th

E

Dec

50 *The LONDON MERCHANT: Or,*

Deed done. Then and then only, I shall be secure. Or what if he returns without attempting it at all. [*Enter Barnwell bloody.*] But he is here, and I have done him wrong. His bloody Hands shews he has done the Deed, but shews he wants the Prudence to conceal it.

Barn. Where shall I hide me? Whither shall I fly to avoid the swift unnerring Hand of Justice?

Mill. Dismiss your Fears: Though Thousands had pursu'd you to the Door, yet being enter'd here, you are safe as Innocence. I have a Cavern, by Art so cunningly contriv'd, that the piercing Eyes of Jealousy and Revenge may seek in vain, nor find the Entrance to the safe Retreat. There will I hide you, if any Danger's near.

Barn. O hide me—from my-self, if it be possible; for while I bear my Conscience in my Bosom, tho' I were hid where Man's Eye never saw, nor Light e'er dawn'd, 'twere all in vain. For oh! that immate, that impartial Judge, will try, convict, and sentence me for Murder, and execute me with never-ending Torments. Behold these Hands! all crimson'd o'er with my dear Uncle's Blood: Here's a Sight to make a Statute start with Horror, or turn a living Man into a Statute.

Mill. Ridiculous! Then it seems you are afraid of your own Shadow, or what's less than a Shadow, your Conscience.

Barn. Tho' to Man unknown I did the accursed Act what can we hide from Heaven's all-seeing Eye?

Mill. No more of this Stuff. What Advantage may yet be made of it? Did you secure the Keys of his Treasure, which no doubt were about him. What Gold, what Jewels, or what else of Value have you brought me?

Barn. Think you I added Sacrilege to Murder? Oh! had you seen him, as his Life flow'd from him in a crimson Flood, and heard him praying for me by the double Name of Nephew and of Murderer; (alas! alas! he knew not then, that his Nephew was his Murderer) how would you have wish'd, as I did, tho' you had had
a thousand

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a thousand Years of Life to come, to have given themal to have lengthen'd his one Hour. But being Dead, I fled the Sight of what my Hand- had done; nor cou'd I, to have gain'd the Empire of the World, have violated by Theft his sacred Corps.

Mill. Whining, preposterous, canting Villain! to murder your Uncld, rob him of Life, Nature's first, last, dear Perogative, after which there's no Injury, then fear to take what he no longer wanted, and bring to me your Penury and Guilt. Do you think I'll hazard my Reputation, nay, my Life, to entertain you?

Barn. O *Millwood!* — This from thee! — But I have done. If you hate me, if you wish me dead, then are you happy; for oh! 'tis sure my Grief will quickly end me.

Mill. In his Madnss he will discover all, and involve me in his Ruin. We are on r Precipice from whence there's no Retreat for both——Then to preserve myself.——[*Pauses*]——There is no other Way.——'Tis dreadful, but Reflection comes too late when Danger's yressing, and there's no Room for Choice.——— I. must be done. [*Aside. Rings a Bell. Enter a Ser- vant*] Fetch me an Officer, and seize this Villain. He has coofess'd himself a Murderer. Should I let him escape, I might justly be thought as bad as he. [*Exit Servant.*]

Barn. O *Millwood!* snre you do not, cannot mean it. Stop the Messenger; upon my Knees, I beg you'd call him back. 'Tis fit I die indeed but not by you. I will this Instant deliver my-self into the Hands of Justice indeed I will; for Death is all I wish. But thy Ingratitude so tears my wounded Soul, 'tis worse ten thousand times than Death with Torture,

Mill. Call it what you will; I am willing to live, and live secure, which nothing but your Death can warrant.

Barn. If there be a Pitch of Wickedness that seats the Author beyond the Reach of Vengeance, you must be secure. But what remains for me, but a dismal Dungeon, hard galling Fetters, an awful Trial, and an ignominious Death, justly to fall unpity'd and abhorr'd?

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After Death to be suspended between Heaven and Earth a dreadful Spectacle, the Warning and Horror of a gaping Croud! This I cou'd bear, nay wish not to avoid, had it but come from any Hand but thine.

Enter Blunt, Officers and Attendance.

Mill. Heaven defend me! Conceal a Murderer! Here Sir, take this Youth into your Custody. I accuse him of Murder, and will appear to make good my Charge.

[They seize him.]

Barn. To whom, of what, or how shall I complain? I'll not accuse her: The Hand of Heaven is in it, and this the Punishment of Lust and Parricide. Yet Heaven, that justly cuts me off, still suffers her to live; perhaps to punish others Tremendous Mercy! So Fiends are curs'd with Immortality, to be the Executioners of Heaven.

Be warn'd, ye Youths, who see my sad Despair:

Avoid lewd Women, false as they are fair.

By Reason guided, honest Joys pursue:

The Fair, to Honour, and to Virtue true,

Just to herself, will ne'er be false to you.

By my Example learn to shun my Fate

(How wretched is the Man who's wife too late!)

Ere Innocence, and fame, and Life be lost,

Here purchase Wisdom, cheaply, at my Cost.

[Exeunt Barnwell, Officer and attendants.]

Mill. Wher's *Lucy*? Why is she absent at such a Time?

Blunt. Wou'd I had been so too! *Lucy* will soon be here; and I hope to thy Confusion, thou Devil!

Mill. Insolent this to me?

Blunt. The worst that we know of the Devil is, that he first seduces to Sin, and then betrays to Punishment.

[Exit Blunt.]

Mill. They disapprove of my Conduct then, and mean to take this Opportunity to set up for themselves.—My Ruin is resolv'd.—I see my Danger, but scorn both it and them; I was not born to fall by such weak Instruments.

[Going.]

Enter

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Enter Thorowgood.

Thor. Where is the Scandal of her own Sex, and the Curse of ours?

Mill. What means this Insolence? Whom do you seek?

Thor. *Millwood.*

Mill. Well, you have found her then. I am *Millwood.*

Thor. Then you are the most impious Wretch, that e'er the Sun beheld.

Mill. From your Appearance, I should have expected Wisdom and Moderation, but your Manners belye your Aspect. What is your Business here? I know you not.

Thor. Hereafter you may know me better; I am *Barnwell's* Master.

Mill. Then you are Master to a Villain, which I think, is not much to your Credit.

Thor. Had he been as much above thy Arts, as my Credit is above thy Malice, I need not have blush'd to own him.

Mill. My Arts! I don't understand you, Sir. If he has done amiss, what's that to me? Was he my Servant, or yours? You should have taught him better.

Thor. Why should I wonder to find such uncommon Impudence in one arriv'd to such a Height of Wickedness? When Innocence is banish'd, Modesty soon follows. Know, Sorceress, I'm not ignorant of any of the Arts, by which you first deceiv'd the unwary Youth. I know how, Step by Step, you've led him on, (reluctant and unwilling) from Crime to Crime, to this last horrid Act, which you contriv'd, and by your cursed Wiles, even forc'd him to commit.

Mill. Ha! *Lucy* has got the Advantage, and accus'd me first: Unless I can turn the Accusation, and fix it upon her and *Blunt*, I am lost. [*Aside.*]

Thor. Had I known your cruel Design sooner, it had been prevented. To see you punish'd, as the Law directs, is all that now remains. Poor Satisfaction! for he, in-

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nocent, as he is, compar'd to you, must suffer too. But Heaven, who knows our Frame, and graciously distinguishes between Frailty and Presumption, will make a Difference, tho' Man, who sees not the Heart, only judges by the outward Action, cannot do it.

Mill. I find, Sir, we are both unhappy in our Servants. I was surpris'd at such ill Treatment without Cause from a Gentleman of your Appearance, and therefore too hastily return'd it; for which I ask your Pardon. I now perceive you have been so far impos'd on, as to think me engag'd in a former Correspondence with your Servant, and some way or other necessary to his Undoing.

Thor. I charge you as the Cause, the sole Cause of all his Guilt, and all his Sufferings, of all he now endures, and must endure, till a violent and shameful Death shall put a dreadful Period to his Life and Miseries together.

Mill. 'Tis very strange. But who's secure from Scandal and Detraction? So far from contributing to his Ruin, I never spoke to him till since that fatal Accident, which I lament as much as you. 'Tis true, I have a Servant, on whose Account he has of late frequented my House. If she has abus'd my good Opinion of her, am I to blame? Has not *Barnwell* done the same by you?

Thor. I hear you; pray go on.

Mill. I have been inform'd he had a violent Passion for her, and she for him; but till now I always thought it innocent. I know her poor, and given to expensive Pleasures. Now who can tell, but she may have influenc'd the amorous Youth to commit this Murder, to supply her Extravagancies?—It must be so. I now recollect a thousand Circumstances that confirm it. I'll have her and a Man-Servant, whom I suspect as an Accomplice, secur'd immediately. I hope, Sir, you will lay aside your ill-grounded Suspicions of me, and join to punish the real Contrivers of this bloody Deed.

[*Offers to go.*

Thor. Madam, you pass not this Way. I see your Design, and shall protect them from your Malice.

Mil

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Mill. I hope you will not use your Influence, and the Credit of your Name, to skreen such guilty Wretches. Consider, Sir, the Wickedness of persuading a thoughtless Youth to such a Crime.

Thor. I do,—and of betraying him when it was done.

Mill. That which you call betraying him may convince you of my Innocence. She who loves him, tho' she contriv'd the Murder, would never have deliver'd him into the Hands of Justice, as I, struck with Horror at his Crimes, have done.

Thor. How should an unexperienc'd Youth escape her Snares? The powerful Magick of her Wit and Form might betray the Wisest to simple Dotage, and fire the Blood that Age had froze long since. Even I, that with just Prejudice came prepar'd, had, by her artful Story been deceiv'd, but that my strong Conviction of her Guilt, makes even a Doubt impossible. Those, whom subtilly you would accuse, you know are your Accusers; and (which proves unanswerably their Innocence and your Guilt) they accused you before the Deed was done, and did all that was in their Power to prevent it.

Mill. Sir, you are very hard to be convinc'd; but I have such a Proof, which, when produc'd, will silence all Objections. [Exit Millwood.]

Enter Lucy, Blunt, and Officers, &c.

Lucy. Gentlemen, pray place yourselves; some on one Side of that Door, and some on the other: Watch her Entrance, and act as your Prudence shall direct you. This Way, [To Thorowgood] and note her Behaviour: I have observ'd her, she's driven to the last Extremity, and is forming some desperate Resolution. I guess at her Design.

Re-enter Millwood, with a Pistol. Trueman secures her.

Tr. Here thy Power of doing Mischief ends; deceitful, cruel, bloody Woman.

Mill. Fool, Hypocrite, Villain,—Man! Thou canst not call me that.

Tr. To call thee Woman, were to wrong thy Sex; thou Devil!

Mill?

56 *The LONDON MERCHANT: Or,*

Mill. That imaginary Being is an Emblem of thy cursed Sex collected: A Mirror, wherein each particular Man may see his own Likeness, and that of all Mankind.

Thor. Think not by aggravating the Faults of others to extenuate thy own; of which the Abuse of such uncommon Perfections of Mind and Body is not the least.

Mill. If such I had, well may I curse your barbarous Sex, who robb'd me of 'em, e'er I knew their Worth; then left me too late to count their Value by their Loss. Another and another Spoiler came, and all my Gain was Poverty and Reproach. My Soul disdain'd, and yet disdains Dependance and Contempt. Riches, no matter by what Means obtain'd, I saw, secur'd the worst of Men from both; I found it therefore necessary to be rich, and to that End I summon'd all my Arts. You'll call 'em wicked; let them be so, they were such as my Conversation with your Sex had furnish'd me withal.

Tr. Sure none but the worst of Men convers'd with thee.

Mill. Men of all Degrees and all Professions I have known, yet found no Difference, but in their several Capacities; all were alike, wicked to the utmost of their Power. In Pride, Contention, Avarice, Cruelty, and Revenge, the reverend Priesthood were mine unerring Guides. From Suburb Magistrates, who live by ruin'd Reputations, as the unhospitable Natives of *Cornwall* do by Shipwrecks, I learn'd, that to charge my innocent Neighbours with my Crimes, was to merit their Protection; for to screen the Guilty is the less scandalous, when many are suspected; and Detraction, like Darkness and Death, blackens all Objects, and levels all Distinctions. Such are your venal Magistrates, who favour none but such as by their Office they are sworn to punish. With them, not to be guilty is the worst of Crimes; and large Fees, privately paid, are every needful Virtue.

Thor. Your Practice has sufficiently discovered your Contempt of Laws both human and divine; no Wonder then that you should hate the Officers of both.

Mill. I know you, and I hate you all; I expect no Mercy, and I ask for none; I follow'd my Inclinations, and that the best of you do every Day. All Actions
seem

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seem alike natural and indifferent to Man and Beast, who devour, or are devour'd, as they meet with others weaker or stronger than themselves.

Th.r. What Pity it is, a Mind so comprehensive, daring, and inquisitive, should be a Stranger to Religion's sweet and powerful Charms!

Mill. I am not Fool enough to be an Atheist, tho' I have known enough of Mens Hypocrisy to make a thousand simple Women so. Whatever Religion is in itself, as practis'd by Mankind, it has caus'd the Evils, you say it was design'd to cure. War, Plague, and Famine, have not destroy'd so many of the human Race, as this pretended Piety has done; and with such barbarous Cruelty, as if the only Way to honour Heaven, were to turn the present World into Hell.

Thor. Truth is Truth, tho' from an Enemy, and spoken in Malice. You bloody, blind, and superstitious Bigots, how will you answer this?

Mill. What are your Laws, of which you make your Boast, but the Fool's Wisdom, and the Coward's Valour; the Instrument and Screen of all your Villanies? By them you punish in others, what you act yourselves, or wou'd have acted, had you been in their Circumstances. The Judge, who condemns the poor Man for being a Thief, had been a Thief himself, had he been poor. Thus you go on deceiving, and being deceiv'd, harassing, plaguing, and destroying one another. But Women are your universal Prey.

*Women, by whom you are the Source of Joy,
With cruel Arts you labour to destroy;
A thousand Ways our Ruin you pursue,
Yet blame in us those Arts first taught by you.
Oh! may from hence each violated Maid,
By flatt'ring, faithless, barb'rous Man betray'd,
When robb'd of Innocence, and Virgin Fame,
From your Destruction raise a nobler Name,
To right their Sex's Wrongs devote their Mind,
And future Millwood's prove to plague Mankind.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT.



ACT V. SCENE 1.

A Room in a Prison.

Enter Thorowgood, Blunt, and Lucy.

THOROWGOOD.



Have recommended to *Barnwell* a Reverend Divine, whose Judgment and Integrity I am well acquainted with. Nor has *Millwood* been neglected ; but she, unhappy Woman, still obstinate, refuses his Assistance.

Lucy. This pious Charity to the Afflicted well becomes your Character ; yet pardon me, Sir, if I wonder you were not at their Trial.

Thor. I knew it was impossible to save him ; and I and my Family bear so great a Part in his Distress, that to have been present wou'd but have aggravated our Sorrows, without relieving his.

Blunt. It was mournful indeed. *Barnwell's* Youth and modest Deportment, as he pass'd, drew Tears from every Eye. When plac'd at the Bar, and arraign'd before the Reverend Judges, with many Tears and interrupting Sobs, he confess'd and aggravated his Offences, without accusing, or once reflecting on *Millwood*, the shameful Author of his Ruin. But she, dauntless, and unconcern'd, stood by his Side, viewing with visible Pride and Contempt the vast Assembly, who all with sympathizing Sorrow wept for the wretched Youth. She, when call'd upon to answer, loudly insisted upon her Innocence, and made an artful, and a bold Defence ; but finding all in vain, the impartial Jury and the learned Bench concurring to find her Guilty, how did she curse herself, poor *Barnwell*, us, her Judges, all Mankind !

But

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But what cou'd that avail? She was condemn'd, and is this Day to suffer with him.

Thor. The Time draws on. I am going to visit *Barnwell*, as you are *Millwood*.

Lucy. We have not wrong'd her; yet I dread this Interview. She's proud, impatient, wrathful, and unforgiving. To be the branded Instruments of Vengeance, to suffer in her Shame, and sympathize with her in all she suffers, is the Tribute we must pay for our former ill-spent Lives, and long Confederacy with her in Wickedness.

Thor. Happy for you it ended when it did. What you have done against *Millwood* I know proceeded from a just Abhorrence of her Crimes, free from Interest, Malice, or Revenge. Profelytes to Virtue should be encourag'd; pursue your purpos'd Reformation, and know me hereafter for your Friend.

Lucy. 'Tis a Blessing as unhop'd for, as unmerited. But Heaven, that snatch'd us from impending Ruin, sure intends you as it's Instrument to secure us from Apostacy.

Thor. With Gratitude to impute your Deliverance to Heaven is just. Many less virtuously dispos'd than *Barnwell* was, have never fall'n in the Manner he has done. May not such owe their Safety rather to Providence than to themselves? With Pity and Compassion let us judge him. Great were his Faults, but strong was the Temptation. Let his Ruin teach us Diffidence, Humanity, and Circumspection; for if we, who wonder at his Fate, had like him been try'd, like him perhaps we had fallen.

S C E N E II:

A Dungeon, a Table and Lamp. Barnwell reading.

Enter Thorowgood at a Distance;

Thor. **T**H E R E see the bitter Fruits of Passion's detested Reign, and sensual Appetite indulg'd, severe Reflections, Penitence and Tears.

Barn.

60 *The LONDON MERCHANT: Or,*

Barn. My honoured, injured Master, whose Goodness has covered me a thousand Times with Shame, forgive this last unwilling Disrespect: Indeed I saw you not.

Thor. 'Tis well; I hope you were better employ'd in viewing of yourself; your Journey's long, your Time for Preparation almost spent. I sent a Reverend Divine to teach you to improve it, and should be glad to hear of his Success.

Barn. The Word of Truth, which he recommended for my constant Companion in this my sad Retirement, has at length removed the Doubts I laboured under. From thence I've learned the infinite Extent of heavenly Mercy; that my Offences, tho' great, are not unpardonable; and that 'tis not my Interest only, but my Duty, to believe, and to rejoice in that Hope: So shall Heaven receive the Glory, and future Penitents the Profit of my Example.

Thor. Proceep.

Barn. 'Tis wonderful that Words should charm Despair, speak Peace and Pardon to a Murderer's Conscience; but Truth and Mercy flow in every Sentence, attended with Force and Energy divine. How shall I describe my present State of Mind? I hope in Doubt, and trembling I rejoice, I feel my Grief increase, even as my Fears give way. Joy and Gratitude now supply more Tears, than the Horror and Anguish of Despair before.

Thor. These are the genuine Signs of true Repentance; the only Preparatory, the certain Way to everlasting Peace. O the Joy it gives to see a Soul form'd and prepar'd for Heaven! For this the faithful Minister devotes himself to Meditation, Abstinence, and Prayer, shunning the vain Delights of sensual Joys, and daily dies, that others may live for ever. For this he turns the sacred Volumes o'er, and spends his Life in painful Search of Truth. Thee Love of Riches, and the Lust of Power, he looks upon with just Contempt and Detestation; he only counts for Wealth the Souls he wins, and his highest Ambition is to serve Mankind. If the Reward of all his Pains be to preserve one Soul from

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from wandering, or turn one from the Error of his Ways, how does he then rejoice, and own his little Labours overpaid?

Barn. What do I owe for all your generous Kindness? But tho' I cannot, Heaven can, and will reward you.

Thor. To see thee thus, is Joy too great for Words.
Farewel. ——— Heaven strengthen thee! ———
Farewel.

Barn. O! Sir, there's something I would say, if my sad swelling Heart would give me Leave.

Thor. Give it Vent a while, and try.

Barn. I had a Friend — 'tis true I am unworthy — yet methinks your generous Example might persuade — Could I not see him once, before I go from whence there's no Return?

Thor. He's coming, and as much your Friend as ever. I will not anticipate his Sorrow; too soon he'll see the sad Effect of this contagious Ruin. This Torrent of domestick Misery bears too hard upon me. I must retire to indulge a Weakness I find impossible to overcome. [*Aside.*] Much lov'd — and much lamented Youth! — Farewel. ——— Heaven strengthen thee. ———
Eternally Farewel.

Barn. The best of Masters and of Men — Farewel. While I live, let me not want your Prayers.

Thor. Thou shalt not. Thy Peace being made with Heaven, Death's already vanquish'd. Bear a little longer the Pains that attend this transitory Life, and cease from Pain for ever. [*Exit Thorowgood.*]

Barn. Perhaps I shall. I find a Power within, that bears my Soul above the Fears of Death, and spight of conscious Shame and Guilt, gives me a Taste of Pleasure more than mortal.

Enter Trueman and Keeper.

Keep. Sir, there's the Prisoner. [*Exit Keeper.*]

Barn. *Trueman!* ——— My Friend, whom I so wish'd to see, yet, now he's here, I dare not look upon him.
[*weeps.*]

Tr. O *Barnwell!* *Barnwell!*

F

Barn

62 *The LONDON MERCHANT: Or,*

Barn. Mercy! Mercy! gracious Heaven! For Death, but not for this, I was prepar'd.

Tr. What have I suffer'd since I saw thee last! What Pain hath Absence given me! — But oh! to see thee thus! —

Barn. I know it is dreadful! I feel the Anguish of thy generous Soul: — But I was born to murder all who love me.

[*Both weep.*]

Tr. I came not to reproach you; I thought to bring you Comfort; but I'm deceiv'd; for I have none to give: I came to share thy Sorrow, but cannot bear my own.

Barn. My Sense of Guilt indeed you cannot know: 'Tis what the good and innocent, like you, can ne'er conceive: But other Grievs at present I have none, but what I feel for you. In your Sorrow I read you love me still; but yet, methinks, 'tis strange, when I consider what I am.

Tr. No more of that: I can remember nothing but thy Virtues, thy honest, tender Friendship, our former happy State and present Misery. O! had you trusted me, when first the fair Seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented.

Barn. Alas! thou know'st not what a Wretch I've been. Breach of Friendship was the first and least Offence. So far was I lost to Goodness, so devoted to the Author of my Ruin, that had she insisted on my murdering thee, — I think — I shou'd have done it.

Tr. Prithee, aggravate thy Faults no more.

Barn. I think I should! Thus good and generous as you are, I shou'd have murder'd you.

Tr. We have not yet embrac'd, and may be interrupted: Come to my Arms.

Barn. Never, never will I take such Joys on Earth; never will I sooth my just Remorse. Are these honest Arms and faithful Bosom fit to embrace and support a Murderer? These Iron Fetters only shall clasp, and stinty Pavement bear me; [*throwing himself on the Ground*] Even these too good for such a bloody Monster.

Tr.

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Tr. Shall Fortune sever those whom Friendship join'd? Thy Miseries cannot lay thee so low, but Love will find thee. Here will I offer to stern Calamity; this Place the Altar, and ourselves the Sacrifice. Our mutual Groans shall echo to each other thro' the dreary Vault; our Sighs shall number the Moments as they pass, and mingling Tears communicate such Anguish, as Words were never made to express.

Barn. Then be it so. [*Rising.*] Since you propose an Intercourse of Woe, pour all your Grievs into my Breast, and in Exchange take mine. [*Embracing.*] Where's now the Anguish that you promis'd? You've taken mine, and made me no Return. Sure Peace and Comfort dwell within those Arms, and Sorrow can't approach me while I am here. This too is the Work of Heaven; which having before spoke Peace and Pardon to me, now sends thee to confirm it. O take, take some of the Joy that overflows my Breast.

Tr. I do, I do. Almighty Power! how hast thou made us capable to bear at once the Extremes of Pleasure and of Pain!

Enter Keeper.

Keepr. Sir,

Tr. I come.

[*Exit Keeper.*]

Barn. Must you leave me? Death would soon have parted us for ever.

Tr. O my *Barnwell*! there's yet another Task behind: Again your Heart must bleed for others Woes.

Barn. To meet and part with you I thought was all I had to do on Earth: What is there more for me to do or suffer?

Tr. I dread to tell thee, yet it must be known: *Maria*——

Barn. Our Master's fair and virtuous Daughter? —

Tr. The same.

Barn. No Misfortune, I hope, has reach'd that lovely Maid. Preserve her, Heaven, from every Ill, to shew Mankind that Goodness is your Care.

64 *The LONDON MERCHANT: Or,*

Tr. Thy, thy Misfortunes, my unhappy Friend, have reach'd her. Whatever you and I have felt, and more, if more be possible, she feels for you.

Barn. I know he doth abhor a Lye, and would not trifle with his dying Friend. This is indeed the Bitternells of Death. [*Aside.*]

Tr. You must remember, (for we all observ'd it) for some time past, a heavy Melancholy weigh'd her down. Disconsolate she seem'd, and pin'd and languish'd from a Cause unknown, 'till hearing of your dreadful Fate, the long-stifled Flame blaz'd out: She wept and wrung her Hands, and tore her Hair, and in the Transport of her Grief discover'd her own lost State, whilst she lamented yours.

Barn. Will all the Pain I feel restore thy Ease, lovely, unhappy Maid? [*Weeping.*] Why did you not let me die, and never know it?

Tr. It was impossible. She makes no Secret of her Passion for you; she's determin'd to see you e'er you die, and waits for me to introduce her.

[*Exit Trueman.*]

Barn. Vain, busy Thoughts, be still! What avails it to think on what I might have been? I now am — what I've made myself.

Enter Trueman with Maria.

Tr. Madam, reluctant I lead you to this dismal Scene. This is the Seat of Misery and Guilt. Here awful Justice reserves her publick Victims. This is the Entrance to shameful Death.

Ma. To this sad Place then no improper Guest, the abandon'd, lost *Maria* brings Despair. And see the Subject and Cause of all this World of Woe. Silent and motionless he stands, as if his Soul had quitted her Abode, and the lifeless Form alone was left behind; yet that so perfect, that Beauty and Death, ever at Enmity, now seem united there.

Barn. I groan, but murmur not. Just Heaven! I am your own; do with me what you please.

Ma. Why are your streaming Eyes still fix'd below, as tho' thou'd'st give the greedy Earth thy Sorrows, and
rob

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rob me of my Due? Were Happinefs within your Power, you ſhould beſtow it where you pleas'd; but in your Miſery I muſt and will partake.

Barn. Oh! ſay not ſo, but fly, abhor and leave me to my Fate. Conſider what you are, how vaſt your Fortune, and how bright your Fame. Have Pity on your Youth, your Beauty, and unequall'd Virtue: for which ſo many noble Peers have ſigh'd in vain, Bleſs with your Charms ſome honourable Lord. Adorn with your Beauty, and by your Example improve the *Engliſh* Court, that juſtly claims ſuch Merit: So ſhall I quickly be to you—as tho' I had never been.

Ma. When I forget you, I muſt be ſo inſtead. Reaſon, Choice, Virtue, all forbid it. Let Women, like *Millwood*, if there are more ſuch Women, ſmile in Proſperity, and in adverſity forſake. Be it the Pride of Virtue to repair, or partake, the Ruin ſuch have made.

Tr. Lovely ill-fated Maid! Was there ever ſuch generous Diſtreſs before? How muſt this pierce his grateful Heart, and aggravate his Woes!

Barn. Ere I knew Guilt or Shame, when Fortune ſmiled, and when my youthful Hopes were in the height; if then to have rais'd my Thoughts to you had been Preſumption in me never to have been pardon'd, think how much beneath yourſelf you condeſcend to regard me now.

Ma. Let her bluſh, who proſering Love, invades the Freedom of your Sex's Choice, and meanly ſues in Hopes of a Return. Your inevitable Fate hath render'd Hope impoſſible as vain. Then why ſhou'd I fear to avow a Paſſion ſo juſt and ſo diſintereſted?

Tr. If any ſhou'd take Occaſion from *Millwood's* Crimes to libel the beſt and faireſt Part of the Creation, here let them ſee their Error. The moſt diſtant Hopes of ſuch a tender Paſſion from ſo bright a Maid, might add to the Happineſs of the moſt happy, and make the greateſt proud; yet here 'tis lavish'd in vain: Tho' by

66 *The LONDON MERCHANT: Or,*

the rich Present the generous Donor is undone, he on whom it is bestow'd receives no Benefit.

Barn. So the aromattick Spices of the East, which all the Living covet and esteem, are with unavailing Kindness wasted on the Dead.

Ma. Yes, fruitless is my Love, and unavailing ail my Sighs and Tears. Can they save thee from approaching Death?—From such a Death?—O terrible Idea! What his her Misery and her Distress, who sees the first, last Object of her Love, for whom alone she'd live, for whom she'd die a thousand thousand Deaths, if it were possible, expiring in her Arms! Yet she is happy, when compar'd to me. Were Millions of Worlds mine, I'd gladly give them in Exchange for her Condition. The most consummate Woe is light to mine. The last of Curses to other miserable Maids, is all I ask for my Relief, and thats deny'd me.

Tr. Time and Reflections cure all Ills.

Ma. All but this. His dreadful Catastrophe Virtue herself abhors. To give a Holiday to Suburb-Slaves, and passing entertain the savage Herd, who elbowing each other for a Sight, pursue and press upon him like his Fate!—A Mind with Piety and Resolution arm'd, may smile on Death:—But publick Ignominy, everlasting Shame, Shame, the Death of Souls, to die a thousand Times, and yet survive even Death itself in never-dying Infamy—Is this to be endured?—Can I who live in him, and must each Hour of my devoted Life, feel all these Woes renew'd?—Can I endure this?

Tr. Grief has so impair'd her Spirits, she pants, as in the Agonies of Death.

Barn. Preserve her Heaven, and restore her Peace, nor let her Death be added to my Crimes. [*Bell tolls.*] I am summon'd to my Fate.

Enter Keeper and Officers.

Keeper. Sir, the Officers attend you. *Millabood* is already summon'd.

Barn. Tell 'em, I'm ready. And now, my Friend farewell. [*Embracing.*] Support and comfort, the best
you

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you can this mourning Fair.———No more.——
Forget not to pray for me. [*Turning to Maria.*] Would
you, bright Excellent, permit me the Honour of a
chaste Embrace, the last Happiness this World cou'd
give were mine. [*She inclines towards him; they
embrace.*] Exaltsd Goodness O! turn your Eyes from
Earth and me to Heaven, were Virtue like yours, is
ever heard: Pray for the Peace of my departing Soul.
Early my Race of Wickedness began, and soon I reach'd
the Summit. Ere Nature has finish'd her Work, and
stamp'd me Man, just at the Time when others begin to
fray, my Course is finish'd. Tho' short my Span of Life
and few my Days; yet count my Crimes for Years, and
I have liv'd whole Ages. Thus Justice, in Compassion
to Mankind, cuts off a Wretch like me; by one such
Example to secure 'Thousands from future Sin. Ju-
stice and Mercy are in Heaven the same: Its utmost
Severity is Mercy to the Whole; thereby to cure Man's
Folly and Presumption, which else wou'd render even
infinite Mercy vain and ineffectual.

*If any Youth, like you, in future Times
Shall mourn my Fate, tho' he abhor my Crimes,
Or tender Maid, like you, my Tale shall bear
And to my Sorrows give a pitying Tear;
To each such melting Eye and throbbing Heart,
Would gracious Heav'n this Benefit impart,
Never to know my Guilt, nor feel my Pain
Then must you own, you ought not to complain,
Since you nor weep, nor shall I die in vain.*

[Exeunt Barnwell and Officers.]

SCENE the LAST.

*The Place of Execution. The Gallows and Ladders at
the farther End of the Stage. A Crowd of Specta-
tors. Blunt and Lucy.*

Lucy. HEAVENS! What a Throng!

Blunt. How terrible is Death when thus
prepar'd. *Lucy.*

68 *The LONDON MERCHANT : Or,*

Lucy. Support them, Heaven ; thou only canst support them ; all other Help is vain.

Officer within. Make Way there, make Way, and give the Prisoners Room.

Lucy. They are here, Observe them well. How humble and compos'd young *Barnwell* seems ! But *Millwood* looks wild, ruffled with Passion, confounded and amaz'd.

Enter Barnwell, Millwood, Officers and Executioner.

Barn. See, *Millwood*, see, our Journey's at an End : Life, like a Tale that's told, is past away. That short, but dark and unknown Passage ; Death, is all the Space 'tween us and endless Joys, or Woes eternal.

Mill. Is this the End of all my flattering Hopes ? Were Youth and Beauty given me for a Curse, and Wisdom only to ensnare my Ruin ? They were, they were. Heaven, thou hast done thy worst. Or, if thou hast in Store some untried plague, somewhat that's worse than Shame, Despair and Death, unpitied Death, confirm'd Despair, and Soul confounding Shame ; something that Men and Angels can't describe ; and only Fiends, who bear it, can conceive ; now, pour it now on this devoted Head, that I may feel the worst thou canst inflict, and bid Defiance to thy utmost Power.

Barn. Yet e'er we pass the dreadful Gulph of Death, yet e'er you're plung'd in everlasting Woe, O bend your stubborn Knees, and harder Heart, humbly to deprecate the Wrath divine. Who knows but Heaven, in your dying Moments, may bestow that Grace and Mercy which your Life despis'd ?

Mill. Why name you Mercy to a Wretch like me ? Mercy's beyond my Hope, and almost beyond my Wish. I can't repent, nor ask to be forgiven.

Barn. O think what 'tis to be for ever, ever miserable, nor with vain Pride oppose a Power that's able to destroy you.

Mill. That will destroy me : I feel it will. A Deluge of Wrath is pouring on my Soul. Chains, Darkness, Wheels, Racks, sharp-flinging Scorpions, molten

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molten Lead, and Seas of Sulphur, are light to what I
feel.

Barn. O! add not to your vast Account Despair :
A Sin more injurious to Heaven, than all you have yet
committed.

Mill. O! I have sinn'd beyond the Reach of
Mercy.

Barn. O say not so ; 'tis Blasphemy to think it. As
yon bright Roof is higher than the Earth, so and much
more does Heaven's Goodness pass our Apprehension.
O what created Being shall presume to circumscribe
Mercy that has no Bounds?

Mill. This yields no Hope. Tho' Pity may be
boundless, yet 'tis free: I was doom'd before the World
began, to endless Pains, and thou to Joys eternal.

Barn. O gracious Heaven ! extend thy Mercy to her :
Let thy rich Mercy flow in plenteous Streams to chase
her Fears, and heal her wounded Soul.

Mill. It will not be : Your Prayers are lost in Air, or
else return'd perhaps with double Blessings to your Bo-
som : They help me not.

Barn. Yet hear me *Millwood* !

Mill. Away, I will not hear thee : I tell thee, Youth,
I am by Heaven devoted a dreadful Instance of its
Power to punish [*Barnwell seems to pray.*] If thou
wilt pray, pray for th' self, not me. How doth his
fervent Soul mount with his Words, and both ascend to
Heaven ! that Heaven, whose Gates are shut with a-
damantine Bars against my Prayers, had I the Will to
pray. I cannot bear it. Sure 'tis the worst of Tor-
ments to behold others enjoy that Bliss which we must
never taste.

Officer. The utmost limit of your Time's expir'd.

Mill. Encompass'd with Horror, whither must I go ?
I wou'd not live—nor die—That I cou'd cease to be—
or ne'er had been !

Barn. Since Peace and Comfort are deny'd her here,
may she find Mercy where she least expects it, and
this be all her Hell ! From our Example may all be
taught

70 *The LONDON MERCHANT: Or,*
taught to fly the first Approach of Vice; but if o'er-
taken

*By strong Temptation, Weakness, or Surprise,
Lament their Guilt, and by Repentance rise.
Th' Impenitent alone die unforgiv'n,
To sin's like Man, and to forgive's like Heav'n.*

Enter Trueman.

Lucy. Heart-breaking Sight! O wretched, wretched
Millwood!

Tr. How is she dispos'd to meet her Fate?

Blunt. Who can describe unutterable Woe?

Lucy. She goes to Death encompass'd with Horror,
loathing Life, and yet afraid to die: No Tongue can
tell her Anguish and Despair.

Tr. Heaven be better to her than her Fears! May
she prove a Warning to others, a Monument of Mercy
in herself!

Lucy. O Sorrow insupportable! Break, break my
Heart!

Tr. In vain

*With bleeding Hearts, and weeping Eyes we show
A human gen'rous Sense of others Woe;
Unless we mark what drew their Ruin on,
And by avoiding that—prevent our own.*



EPI-



EPILOGUE.

Written by

COLLEY CIBBER, *Esq*; *Poet Laureat*;

And spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

SINCE Fate has robb'd me of the hapless Youth,
For whom my Heart has boarded up it's Truth;
By all the Laws of Love and Honour, now,
I'm free again to chuse—and one of you.

But soft—With Caution first I'll round me peep:
Maids, in my Case, shew'd look before they leap.
Here's Choice enough, of various Sorts and Hue,
The Cit, the Wit, the Rake, cock'd up in Cue,
The fair spruce Mercer, and the tawny Jew.

Suppose I search the sober Gall'ry—No;
There's none but 'Prentices, and Cuckolds all-a-Row;
And these, I doubt, are those that make 'em so.

[Pointing to the Boxes.

'Tis very well, enjoy the Jest;—But you,
Fine powder'd Sparks, —nay, I am told 'tis true,
Your happy Spouses—can make Cuckolds too.

'Tis true

EPILOGUE.

*Twixt you and them the Difference this perhaps,
The Cit's asham'd whenever his Duck he traps;
But you, when Madam's tripping, let her fall,
Cock up your Hats, and take no Shame at all.*

*What if some favour'd Poet, I cou'd meet?
Whose Love wou'd lay his Laurels at my Feet.
No——Painted Passion real Love abhors——
His Flame wou'd prove the Suit of Creditors.*

*Not to detain you then with longer Pause,
In short, my Heart to this Conclusion draws;
I yield it to the Hand that's loudest in Applause.*

}

FINIS.



